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THE GRAPHIC.

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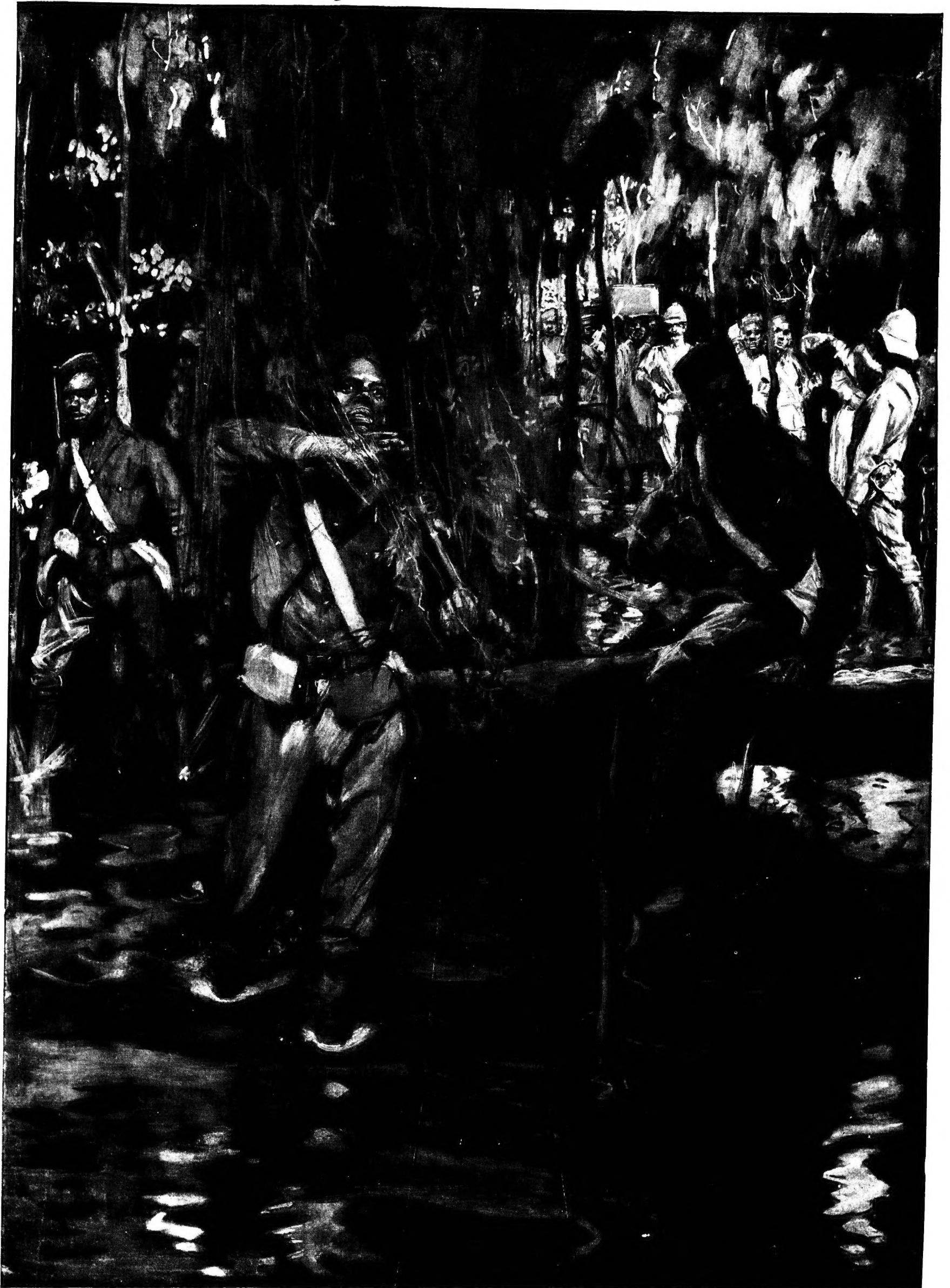
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

During the march of the Hausa column, under Major Morris, to Kumassi, the weather was very trying, extremely hot in the daytime, with torrential rains at night. The men marched practically in single

column, picking their way through the dense jungle, stumbling over fallen tree trunks, and sometimes sinking in up to their knees in the swamp

THROUGH THE SWAMP: THE RELIEF FORCE ON THE ROAD TO KUMASSI

Topics of the Week

In Peking at Last THE defence of the British Legation in Peking will rank as one of the heroic episodes of the century. In its expiring moments the century has been uncomfortably rich in such episodes, and we may well thank God that none of them have had a tragical termination. The circumstances in Peking, however, were far more alarming than those of the beleaguered British garrisons in South and West Africa which have so deeply stirred our anxieties and our admiration during the past year. There a state of war was suddenly sprung on a colony of Europeans but ill-prepared to defend themselves. Four hundred civilians with two hundred women and children and only a slender guard of Marines found themselves surrounded by overwhelming forces of barbarian troops and fanatical rowdies. Their fortress was a dwelling-house ill-adapted for defence and scantily provisioned, against which their assailants did not scruple to use artillery. How, under these circumstances, they escaped massacre is a mystery. For two months they held the improvised fortress, eating their ponies and only sparingly using their dwindling stock of ammunition. It was probably the timely capture of Tientsin by the Allies which really saved them. That blow not only necessitated the withdrawal of troops from Peking in order to reinforce the Imperial armies on the Pei-ho, but it also shook the confidence of the Manchu reactionaries, who had imagined that they could successfully defy the Powers. From that moment, although the siege was maintained, the bombardment was practically stopped, and the struggle became a question of endurance. The heroism of the beleaguered Europeans in Peking is calculated to throw somewhat in the shade the admirable work performed by their rescuers. They had everything against them. Their numbers were comparatively small; their preparations had been hurriedly and imperfectly made; political jealousies and a confusion of tongues threatened at one moment to paralyse them completely; they were confronted by serious topographical difficulties and by a foe well armed, well trained, and disposing of almost overwhelming numbers both in men and guns; and finally their plans had to be devised and sanctioned not by an all-powerful Commander-in-Chief, but by a council of officers, whose very constitution seemed to be calculated to play into the enemy's hands. And yet they have done their work remarkably well. Since the advance from Tientsin was begun it has proceeded smoothly and rapidly, and there has been little to show that the operation was conducted under abnormal conditions. The soldier has set an excellent example to the statesman. To reach a definite end and to ensure the common good the military representatives of the Powers on the Pei-ho have found a way of acting together, and have carried their work to a triumphant conclusion. It is to be hoped that the Chancelleries will profit by this excellent example, and that they will carry out the work which now devolves upon them with the same rapidity, harmony, and success.

At Last LORD ROBERTS'S new proclamation to the Boers has aroused a feeling of general relief throughout the country. Apparently the murder of Colonel Helyar, and the revelations as to the Pretoria plot have finally decided the most humane of commanders that it is impossible to continue any longer the policy of leniency in which he has persevered too long. The fact is that in all our dealings with the Boer since the outbreak of hostilities we have made the mistake of judging him by our own standards of conduct instead of by his own. Briton and Boer are the representatives of the two different civilisations of two different centuries. The Briton represents the nineteenth century, and wages war as the nineteenth century has learnt to wage it. The Boer is merely the Dutch peasant of two hundred years ago; he fights on the principle of the seventeenth century when, practically, everything was deemed fair in war. The result has been seen in the waste of valuable life and valuable time, which has at last compelled Lord Roberts to take the step which ought to have been taken long ago. It has been well said by an observer on the spot that the Commander-in-Chief has been trying to make war and to make peace at the same time. That is impossible. Let the soldier do his work first, the statesman afterwards. Now that sterner measures are to be taken against the Boer brigands, there is good reason to hope that the end is not far off.

The Railway Trouble AS if this country had not enough to think about just now with two wars on hand, a large and important class of workers at home must needs take the opportunity to declare war against their employers. For many weeks past it has been pretty clear that the employés of several British railways have been in a state of discontent which might at any time develop into an actual labour war—or several wars. Unfortunately, that is just what seems to be coming to pass. It is true that the Great Eastern men have not yet sent in their notices, and it is quite on the cards that they may yet be dissuaded from doing so. At the present time the directors of the Company are considering the men's demands, which are so voluminous that the directors require time to

digest them. This is resented by the men, who believe, or profess to believe, that the directors are merely wasting time in order to tide over the possibility of a strike during the holiday season. Meanwhile, the Taff Vale Railway employés have come out, and traffic in the district served by that line is wholly disorganised. That, however, is not all. There are symptoms of trouble on the Brighton line, on the North British, and on the Great Western. This state of affairs is much to be deprecated, whatever be the merits of the cases presented by any or all of the discontented employés. With Income-tax at a shilling in the pound, and with no prospect of an abatement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's demands upon us, we need do all the business we can—and strikes are bad for business. It is said that that is the employer's way of looking at the question; we reply that it ought to be the employés also. For he must be a sad ignoramus who imagines that the only man who pays Income-tax is the man who pays it directly.

Persistent Ill Luck THE fatal accident which occurred at the Paris Exhibition last Saturday night is the latest example of the pertinacious ill luck which dogs the progress of the great World's Fair. For once in a way the mistake made seems to have been to underestimate instead of over-estimating the probable number of visitors, with the result that the balustrade of the bridge between the Invalides and the Italian Pavilion gave way, and some thirty persons were injured, of whom two have died. A tragic termination was thus given to what would otherwise have been the climax of the Exhibition. President Loubet had distributed the prizes of honour in the afternoon, and that brilliant scene was followed by a Venetian Fête on the Seine. That is the sort of thing which the French, with their inborn sense of scenic effect, can do better than any other people in the world. All the resources of civilisation were at the command of the organisers, and the result, by common consent, was splendid. And yet, just when the fête was at its height, there must needs be an accident of precisely the sort which impresses the public with a lively sense of the danger of crowds, and thus operates most injuriously upon the future of the Exhibition. This is all the more unfortunate because not very many weeks remain during which those who are financially interested in the great show can hope to recoup themselves for what is admittedly a commercial failure up to the present time. The Tsar's hoped-for visit might even at the eleventh hour have done something to remedy matters, but the authoritative announcement of his decision to stay away leaves no prospect of hope from this quarter, and the disappointment is keen. Few Exhibitions conceived on so grand a scale have been less successful in attracting Royal visitors and the benefits which they bring in their train. France has, unquestionably, beaten the record by the splendour of the present Exhibition, and it is really very hard upon her that she should be a loser by so unparalleled a feast of mingled instruction and amusement. But, if profit has been lost, honour, most certainly, has not. The Paris Exhibition which is closing the Nineteenth Century will be remembered far into the Twentieth as the most magnificent display of the kind ever offered to the wonder and admiration of the world.

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"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

IT is good news to hear we are likely to have a new fruit. For many years past I have been urging various people to improve the blackberry by cultivation and grafting, and at last it appears a satisfactory result has been obtained by the union of the raspberry and the blackberry. I have not yet tasted it, nor have I met with anyone who has, but according to report the new fruit is of a most delicious character. The worst part about it seems to be its name. It is said it is to be called "Mahdi." Why "Mahdi"? Does this title awaken any particularly pleasant recollections, or is it calculated to enhance the flavour of the new fruit? If the newcomer is as good as it is rumoured to be probably the name is of little consequence. But one would have thought some greater consideration might have been bestowed on its christening. In default of a better name, would not that of the "Newberry" be satisfactory? It is short, clear, descriptive and easy to recollect. I have a notion that the title suggested would be pretty bad to beat.

Some two or three years ago I ventured to protest in this column against the high price of theatrical entertainments, and to regret that they did not adopt the same commercial arrangements as are applied to other purveyors for the public. To put the matter plainly, there is no reason that the same rules should not exist with regard to your amusement-shop as to your bread-shop. I take it that your theatrical manager is just as desirous of making money as your baker, and the former would probably make more if he adopted some of the principles of the latter. I could never understand why you are obliged to pay half-a-guinea for a stall for a worthless entertainment when you pay exactly the same for a first-rate performance. Nor am I able to comprehend, when a piece is not a striking success, or the weather or some other cause interferes with its prosperity, why prices are not lowered throughout the house. I venture to speak of this matter again, as I see the subject has been recently taken up by the *Referee*. I sincerely trust in such practical and influential hands some of the most desirable reforms indicated may be accomplished.

It is by no means easy to understand the power and the charm of quotation. Nevertheless, the ability for quoting aptly has not infrequently given an ordinary individual the reputation of greatness. It would appear that his use of another man's words give him a position, equal, if not superior to the original author. It is very difficult to see why this should be, but that it is so no one will have the least doubt. How often one has read a weak and uninteresting article, and found it only saved by a few well selected and apposite quotations of other men's works, whereas if the quotations were unknown and not printed in inverted commas no one would take any notice of them. Have you not frequently listened to an ill-constructed, wordy and badly delivered speech which bored everybody in the room, and find it converted into a success by the introduction of a well-known quotation just before the speaker sat down. I believe the reason of this was that the speaker told his audience something that they knew themselves; hence they applauded him for giving them a share in his success. Years ago I was so convinced of the value of quotation that when I required an apt illustrative line I used to manufacture it for myself, and put it in inverted commas. I was always pretty good in constructing a catchy and metrical line, so my device was very successful, but if I come across any of my old articles nowadays I am sorely puzzled to know whence I derived these apposite quotations. So you see, after all, there is a considerable drawback in manufacturing celebrated authors only that you may make use of them to suit your own purpose.

Referring to my recent paragraph on the subject, I may say that any reminiscences of the Hanover Square Rooms would be incomplete without a reference to the famous Bloomer Ball. It was before my time, but I have heard all about it from one who was present. Moreover, it is chronicled in the pages of *Punch*, with a picture by Sir John Tenniel, and verses, possibly, by Shirley Brooks. The room was crowded with men, and there were about half a dozen girls present in Bloomer costume, but the whole affair was a distinct failure. To quote from the verses, which parodied "Locksley Hall"—

Oh! My Bloomers chicken-hearted! Oh! My Bloomers what a fall!
Oh! The dreary, dreary aspect of the barren Bloomer Ball!
Seedier than fancy dresses, dirtier than showman's stocks,
Half a dozen pairs of trousers, half a dozen school-girls' frocks.

The illustration depicts one couple waltzing surrounded by a dense crowd of male spectators. The entertainment concluded with a free fight at the supper-table, whereat cold fowls, jellies, tongues, hams, pies, and anything that happened to be handy were freely hurled about all over the room. The ball was intended to popularise the Bloomer Costume, but it effectually accomplished its doom. The fact is Mrs. Bloomer lived somewhat before her time, for the dress was infinitely more sensible and graceful than many examples of cycling garments and rational dress that have been seen in recent years. It is almost a wonder that John Leech's "Bloomeriana" and many other charming drawings on the subject did not put all the pretty girls of the period into trousers, but the fact is the dress was too mannish. It lacked the feminine charm, without which any form of garment fails to be popular.

A personal reminiscence occurs to me with regard to the rooms above mentioned. I remember a friend of mine gave an amateur concert there, and he asked me if I would look after the room and see that people were put into their right seats. With the rashness of youth I consented. In those days I would have undertaken anything, from commanding a penny steamer on the river to taking the chair at a meeting of the Royal Society. But never shall I forget the trouble of that evening and all I suffered in the sacred cause of friendship. The difficulty I had in getting stout old ladies to sit in the right seats was something astonishing, and the obstinacy with which they took stalls belonging to somebody else, and would persist in arguing the matter out with the rightful owners was absolutely maddening. Ever since that memorable occasion concert attendants have had my warmest sympathy, for I know what they have to suffer.

The New Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth

It is officially notified that Admiral Sir Charles F. Hotham, K.C.B., has been selected for the appointment of Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth in the place of Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, Bart., G.C.B., whose period of service will expire at the end of next month. Sir Charles Frederick Hotham was born in 1843, and is the youngest of the nine admirals whose names appear in the Navy List, though he is sixth in seniority. He comes of a naval stock. He is the son of the late Captain John



ADMIRAL SIR C. F. HOTHAM
The New Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth

Hotham, R.N., a kinsman of the Barons Hotham, the first of whom was the famous Admiral Hotham, who gained his peerage for his victory over the French on March 14, 1795. Sir C. F. Hotham joined the Navy as a cadet on February 14, 1856, and became Lieutenant in June, 1859, Commander in November, 1864, Captain in December, 1871, Rear-Admiral in January, 1880, Vice-Admiral in September, 1893, and Admiral in January last year. He has seen active service. He was

wounded in New Zealand when he took part in the attacks on the rebel redoubt at Rangariri in 1863, and his conduct was favourably noted at the Admiralty. Later he was sent in charge of a detached party to escort an officer across the mud flats in the rear of the enemy's position. He was specially mentioned, promoted, and received the New Zealand medal. He was Flag Captain in the *Alexandra* to the Commander-in-Chief at the bombardment of Alexandria, 1882, and received the C.B., besides the Egyptian medal and clasp, and the Khedive's star. From February, 1890, to March, 1893, Admiral Hotham was Commander-in-Chief on the Pacific station, and he has been since 1897 in command at the Nore. He was granted his K.C.B. on the Queen's birthday, 1898. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

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THE GRAPHIC OFFICE: 190, STRAND, W.C.



DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARCHIE L. LANGMAN

The Imperial Yeomanry Hospital was captured at Roodeval by the Boers on June 7, and the staff remained prisoners until the 11th, on which day Lieutenant-Colonel Stonham (in command of the hospital), in a letter to Lady Georgiana Curzon, says:—"We saw the action, which was going on within a mile of us,

and as the Boers retreated they passed within 300 yards of our camp. Our waggons made an excellent set of grand stands." The action referred to resulted in the defeat of De Wet's force by Lord Methuen

WATCHING THE FIGHT: THE STAFF OF THE YEOMANRY HOSPITAL AT ROODEVAL



An English train being looted by Boers



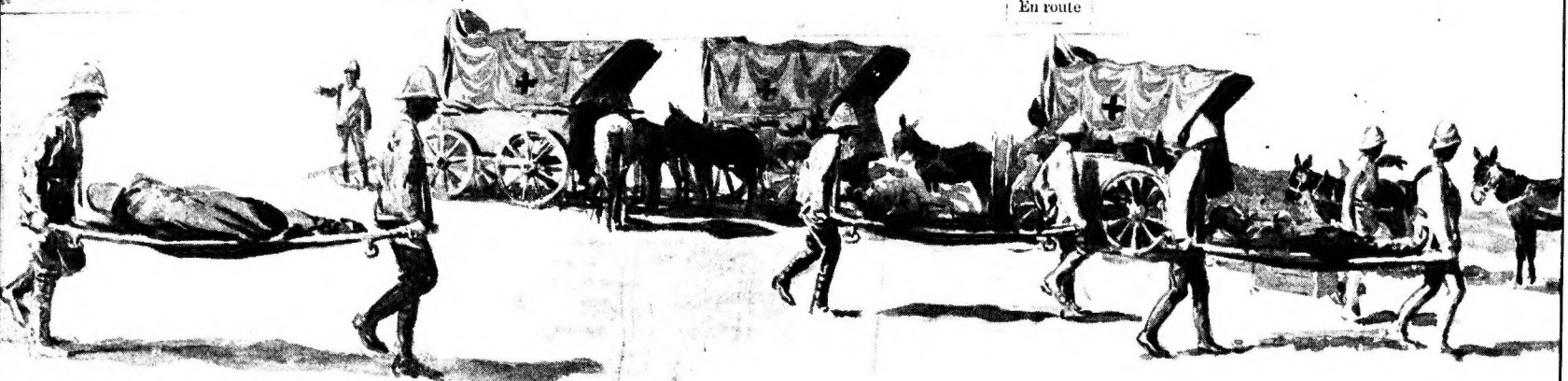
A doctor being stopped to attend an apoplectic case



A funeral



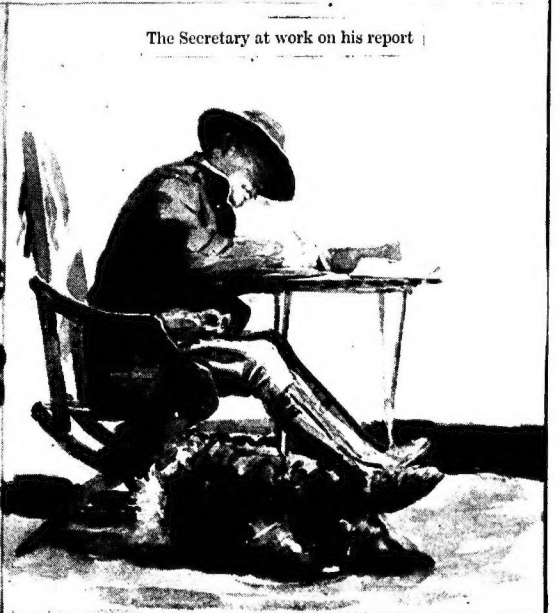
En route



Carrying wounded from the station to the ambulance



The arrival of Lord Chesham. "What the deuce are you doing here?"



The Secretary at work on his report

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARCHIE L. LANGMAN

The Imperial Yeomanry Hospital, under Lieutenant-Colonel Stonham, was captured on June 7 by the Boers under De Wet after being fired upon. However, the enemy apologised later for the firing, which was inadvertent. The doctors speak of the "treatment" as prisoners at the hands of the Boers in high terms. Subsequently a body of Imperial Yeomanry, under Lord Chesham, rode through the camp in

pursuit of the Boers, and were astonished to find the hospital in such a position. Mr. Langman, the secretary of the Langman Hospital who sent us the photographs, was visiting the Yeomanry Hospital in his private capacity when the events referred to took place

A YEOMANRY FIELD HOSPITAL IN ACTION: SCENES AT ROODEVAL

"Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

"HE rose every morning at daybreak." That, it appears to me, should be the epitaph written on great men's tombs. All great men rise early. The late King of Italy was regularly called at 6 a.m. Lord Roberts is out in the saddle at daybreak, Lord Wolseley appeared on the review ground last week at 6.30 a.m., while the late Chief Justice is said to have gone frequently to bed between 2 and 3 a.m., and risen at 5 to catch a train to the provinces. Lazy people, who lie in bed till the late breakfast at 10 a.m. in country houses, know nothing of all this. Rarely, indeed, do guests rise before the usual hour, nor would the hostesses wish it. They would find housemaids scrubbing, dust on the stairs, furniture topsy-turvy, and a general air of confusion and discomfort about.

And yet those early morning hours are precious and beautiful things. Even London is lovely at sunrise, and the "wild freshness of morning" of which Tommy Moore speaks is worth a dozen midday moments. The grass all soaked with dew lies sparkling in the sunshine, the birds twitter happy songs of morning jubilation, clean invigorating scents fill the air, and, above all, there is a refreshing

opening on to the rose garden in summer, feet on fender in winter—indeed, the lot of the literary man seems at present a happy one especially when each one of these hours passed in luxury and comfort mean a considerable addition to money.

Will no one take pity on the beautiful English country and stop the depredations of the jerry-builder? At present, suffice it, there exists some lovely wooded spot within the precincts of a favourite town, or in some especially picturesque neighbourhood; the jerry-builder steps in. He buys the land fairly cheap, proceeds at once to cut down all the trees, and on the bare patch thus created erects little villas, each surrounded by a piece of high white paling which gives it the air of a cosy, private, lunatic asylum. Generally the scullery window of one house looks into the drawing-room of the other, the children's cries, the servant's quarrels may be distinctly heard, and privacy or quiet are rendered impossible. One might as well live at Clapham or Camberwell as in some sweet little rustic hamlet where the jerry-builder dwells. Every day Londoners seek more earnestly for some peaceful retreat where they can forget the noise and bustle of the City, and every day such a paradise becomes more difficult to find.

The carelessness of the public seems almost incredible when we read that, by order of the Postmaster-General, a sale took place recently of articles dropped into letter boxes without any address,

The Relief of Kumassi

MORE light has been shed on the recent outbreak in Ashanti by a letter from Sir F. M. Hodgson, the Governor of the Gold Coast, which he wrote to Mr. Alfred L. Jones, the Liverpool shipowner. Sir F. M. Hodgson writes:—"Your congratulatory telegram reached me on my arrival at Accra, and it and others have helped me and my wife to forget the horrors of the siege and our dreary journey to the coast. We were rather dismayed at not being relieved, and as our food supply came to an end we had no alternative but to make the attempt to break through the rebel lines. I don't think any of us expected to be successful, as the troops were so weakened, but, by the mercy of God, we succeeded. We lost two officers and some eighty native troops (Hausas) out of our force of eight hundred. The last few days in the fort were very terrible, and we were living on starvation rations—one dog-biscuit and one pound of tinned beef a day. The road we had to take was in a wretched state, and we could only get along in single file."

We have received a further supply of photographs and sketches by British officers with the relief column, illustrating the brilliant march of Major Morris's force, in addition to those we published last week. The column, it will be remembered, left Gambaga on April 21, and reached Kintampo, 238 miles away, in thirteen days, making the splendid average of seventeen miles a day. At Kintampo a halt of two days was made to concentrate



DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT FOR A DESERTER



FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY A BRITISH OFFICER

THE HAUSAS MARCHING THROUGH THE FOREST

THE MARCH OF THE KUMASSI RELIEF FORCE

stillness all around. It is the time for thought, for work, for sustained effort, for study. How many of these sweet hours do we waste while we pant through the blazing summer's day murmuring at the heat!

We need another Leech's pen to delineate the humours of the modern servant, his independence, his laziness, and his self-importance. A friend of mine about to engage a butler interviewed a pompous individual, who informed him at once that he expected five or six footmen under his orders, a sitting-room of his own with a servant to wait on him, adding, "and I never answer a bell or wait at luncheon." How many young gentlemen of small means are there who would not object to have such a life of ease, well paid and well fed?

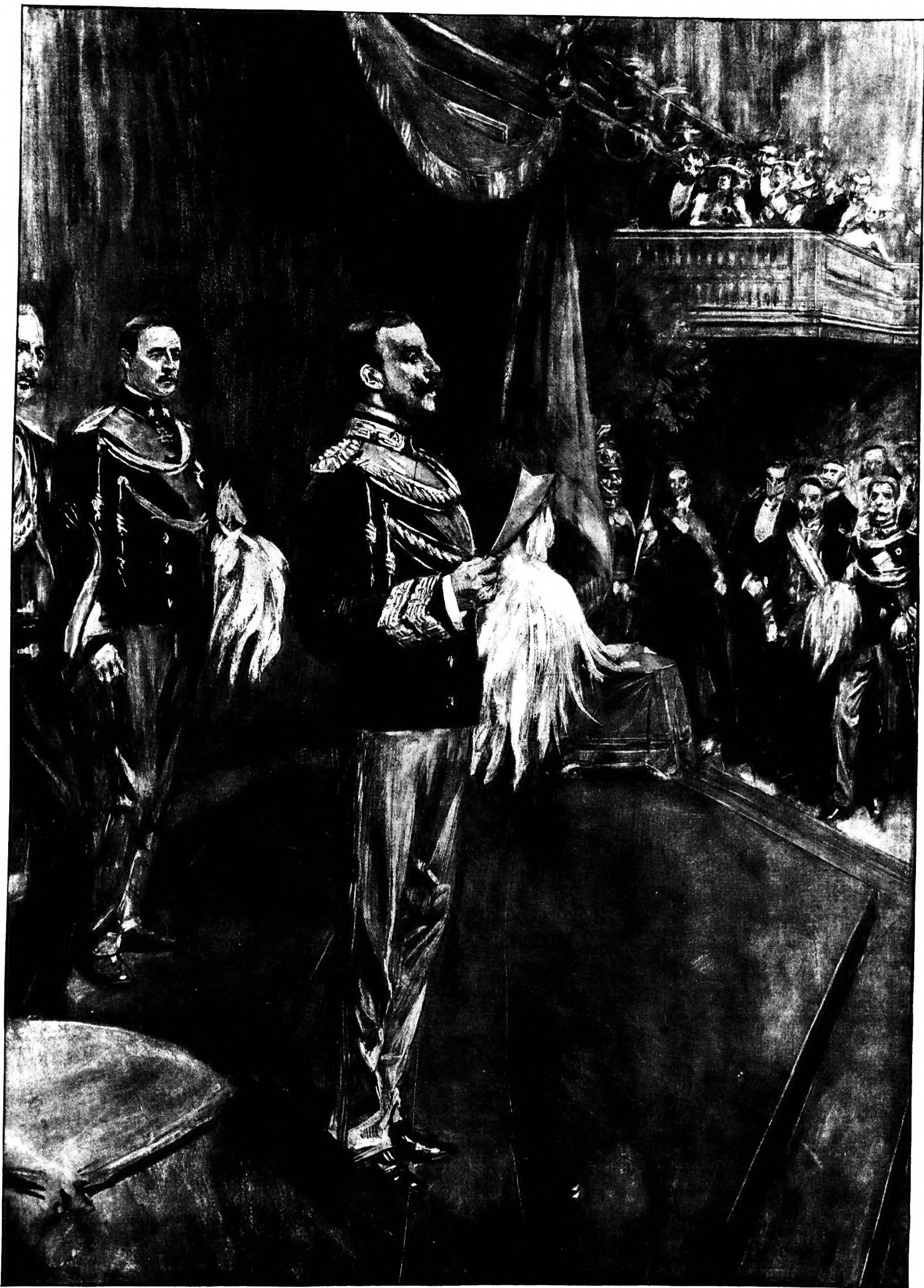
The latest desideratum for an author or a public man is, it appears, a phonograph. Formerly a scribbler amply described the weary writer toiling at his desk, like Sir Walter Scott, writing year out year in for dear life. Then the successful author took a secretary and dictated. Presently he used the typewriter and tick-tacked himself into fame at so many thousand words an hour. But now he can be a busy *littérateur* and sit in his chair like a gentleman at ease, just speaking into the tube, with a couple of secretaries in the next room waiting to type all he has spoken. The idea opens out a vast new vista. No writer's cramp, no aching back, a comfortable armchair, a whiskey-and-soda at your elbow, glass doors

or, for other reasons, undelivered. The things in question comprised diamonds, gold and silver watches, jewels, artificial teeth (a queer touch this), and other valuable property. After this, one can understand ladies dropping pearl necklaces in hansoms, and forgetting hand-bags with several thousand pounds' worth of bank notes in them. If a woman values neither money nor jewels, what does she value?

All the world has been given up to aquatics lately. Regattas, swimming matches, water fêtes prove attractive to everybody. Punting races are especially amusing, and as one or two always fall overboard out of the tiny racing punts the result affords delightful laughter to the spectator. Ladies occasionally punt very well, but surely should not attempt this sport, as they often do, unless they are proficient swimmers.

The lack of popularity of cider as a common drink in hot weather remains a mystery. It is cheap, wholesome, not intoxicating (except when taken in very large quantities), and excellent for rheumatism. Cider cup is a refreshing drink when playing tennis or golf. A delicious beverage is the "May drink" of the Germans, which is made in a large crystal bowl, and looks charming on the dinner table. It is composed of hock, sugar, ice, a lemon, and a glass of brandy. In it are immersed sprigs and leaves of various sweet-smelling and aromatic plants, while a few strawberries float on the surface.

the force, and advantage was taken of this delay to send messages to the powerful N'Koranzas with the hope of persuading them to remain loyal. The chief, who had previously been friendly to us, had been seized by the Ashantis and made to swear that he would fight the British. His sister, the Princess, however, resolutely refused to go back on her old loyalty. She and her followers met the relief column outside the tribe's town. Major Morris ordered a big palaver, in which he expressed his pleasure at the loyalty of the Princess, who was overjoyed when told that the town would not be burnt. The march was then resumed, and Kumassi was reached on May 15, and after some severe fighting the unfortunate garrison was reached. There Major Morris found himself besieged with the garrison, and it was decided to fight a way to the coast. On June 23 the column moved out of Kumassi and reached Cape Coast on July 11, after a never-to-be-forgotten march of nearly three weeks from Kumassi. The garrison towards the end had suffered greatly but kept up their spirits. Food and ammunition were rapidly giving out, and one of the most depressing circumstances was the great number of deaths. Over 150 were daily employed in going the rounds and burying the dead, consisting for the most part of native civilians and camp followers, who had died of starvation. It became quite common to find five or six bodies lying round the fort, and towards the end, even in the fort itself, three or four Hausa soldiers died daily. These black troops as a body behaved extremely well, displaying the utmost courage and endurance.



DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. BIANCHINI

King Victor Emmanuel, on the occasion of taking the Constitutional Oath before Parliament, made a speech which created a very favourable impression. Almost every passage was punctuated with a fresh outburst of applause. The King spoke in a firm, emphatic voice, and his concluding words wrought his hearers to a climax of enthusiasm. He said:—"Brought up in the love of religion and the Fatherland,

I call God to witness my promise that from this day forth and for ever I shall labour with all my heart for the greatness and prosperity of our country." The new King was supported by the Duke of Aosta, the Count of Turin, and the Duke of Genoa.

THE NEW KING OF ITALY · HIS MAJESTY DELIVERING HIS SPEECH FROM THE THRONE AFTER TAKING THE OATH



DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER

Lang-Fang (writes a British naval officer who accompanied Admiral Seymour's force in its gallant but unsuccessful attempt to reach Peking) was the first place at which we were opposed by Imperial troops, between four and five thousand in number. The German and English train was attacked by them just as

were going down to Yang-Tsung. We numbered roughly 900 men. The fighting lasted two hours, and the sketch represents the scene on the line when the Chinese troops twice tried to save their banner, which eventually fell into our hands.

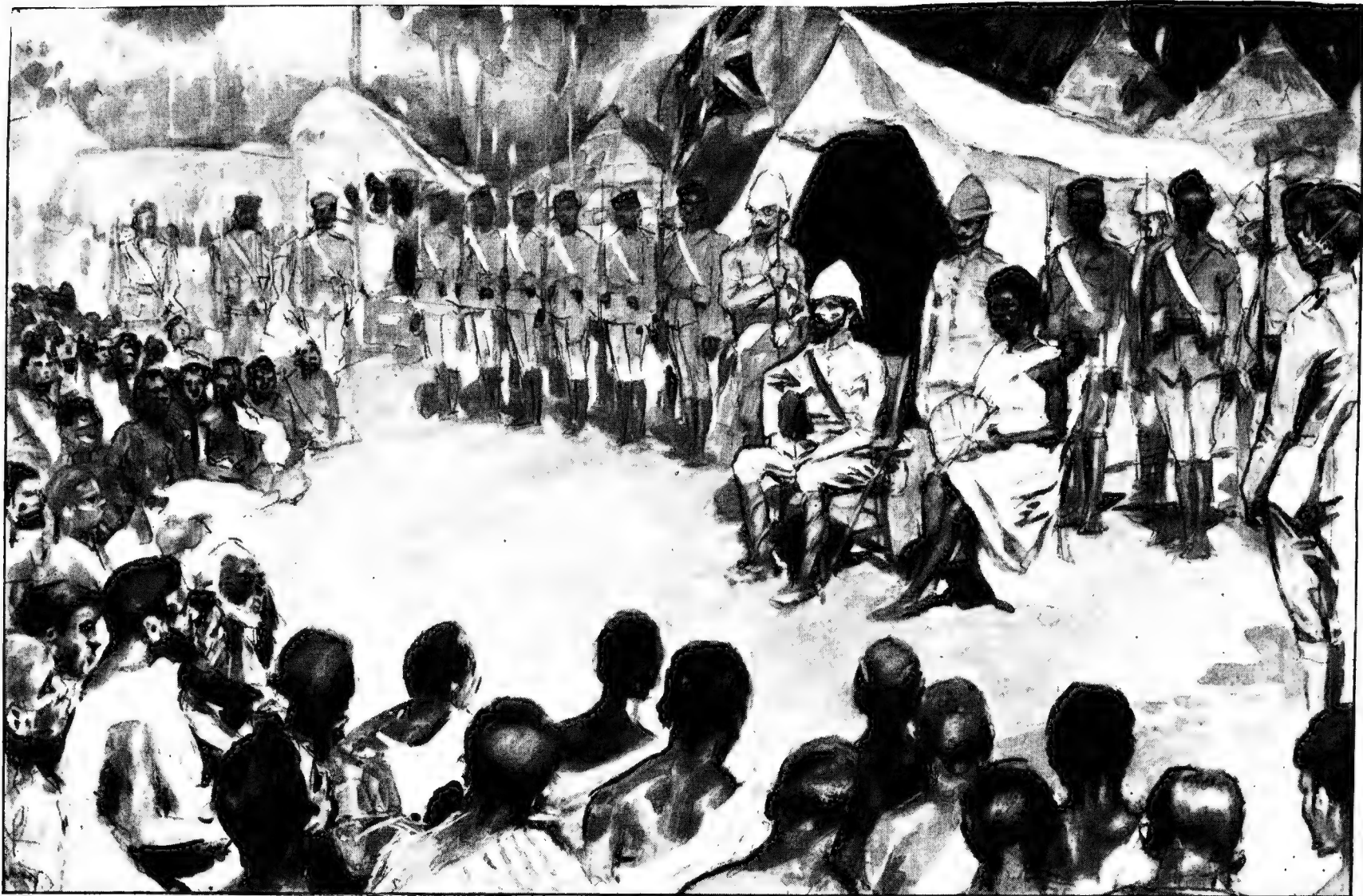
WITH ADMIRAL SEYMOUR'S FORCE: THE LAST STAND OF THE CHINESE AT LANG-FANG



COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY WALKER AND BOWALL

PORTRAIT OF HER MAJESTY IN HER CORONATION ROBES, PAINTED BY SIR WILLIAM HAYTER

THE QUEEN'S PRESENT TO THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY



DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

FROM DETAILS SUPPLIED BY A BRITISH OFFICER

The Princess of N'Koranza and her followers met the relieving force outside the town with great rejoicing. Major Morris, immediately after his arrival, ordered a big palaver, in which he expressed his pleasure at the loyalty of the Princess, who was overjoyed when told that the town would not be burnt

THE BIG PALAVER WITH THE PRINCESS IN THE TOWN OF N'KORANZA



DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

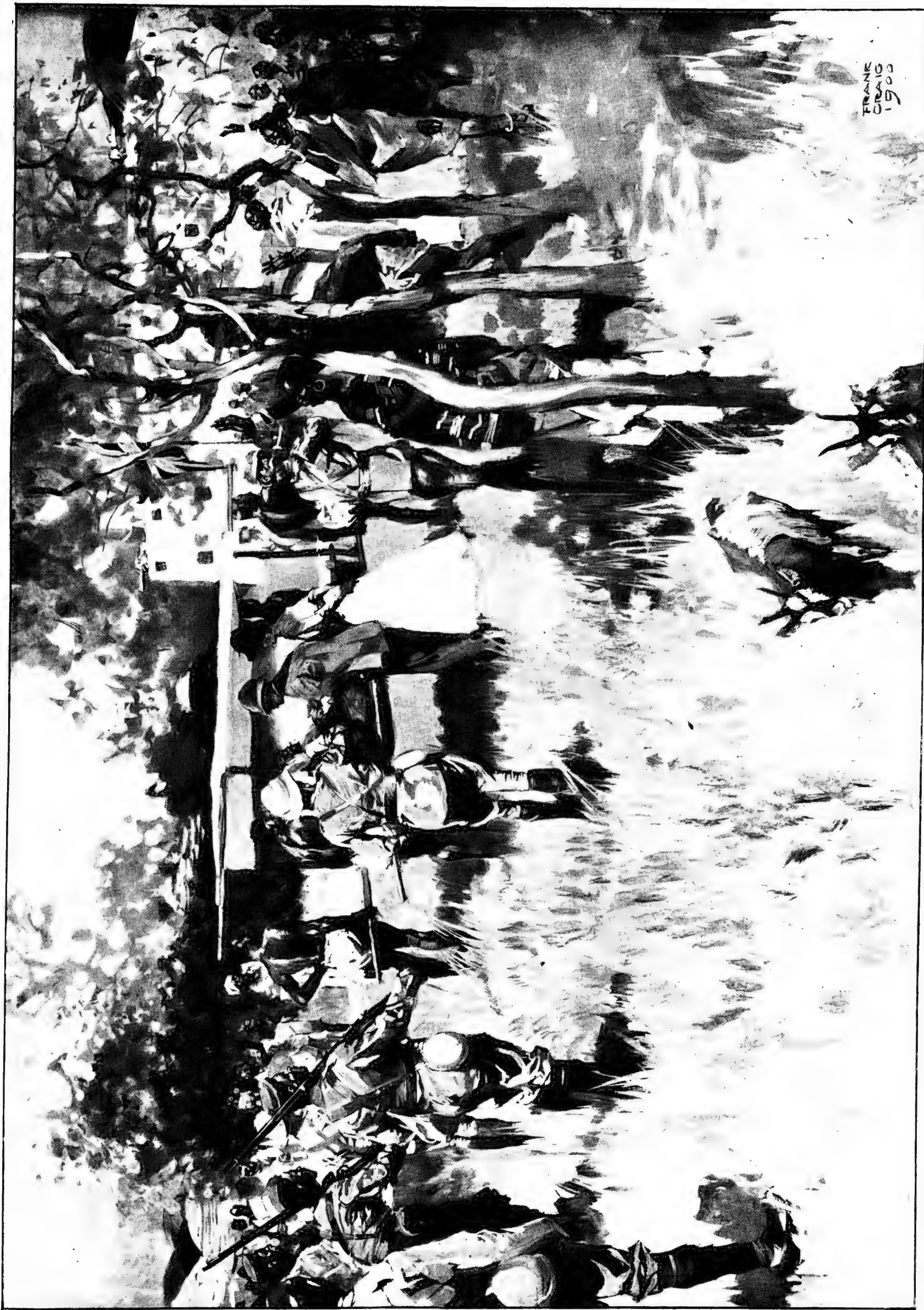
FROM DETAILS SUPPLIED BY A BRITISH OFFICER

May 15, the date of the arrival of the Relief Column at Kumassi, was a day of incessant fighting. Early in the morning scouts brought in word that a strong Ashanti ambush had been prepared in front of us, and shortly afterwards we saw an ugly stockade right across the road. The seven-pounder was at once brought into action to draw the enemy's fire, and in a few minutes the Ashantis replied with volleys from all directions. In about an hour the fusillade ceased except from behind the stockade, which Major

Morris decided must be rushed without delay. The charge was ordered, Major Morris and Captain Magnire running ahead of their men. The former had not proceeded twenty yards before he was badly wounded and fell in the road. The stockade was eventually taken with the loss of Major Morris and fifteen Hausas wounded, and at three o'clock the same afternoon Kumassi was reached, Major Morris continuing to direct the operations from his hammock, although in intense pain, with intervals of unconsciousness

THE ADVANCE ON THE TOWN: STORMING A STOCKADE

THE RELIEF OF KUMASSI: WITH MAJOR MORRIS'S COLUMN



DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

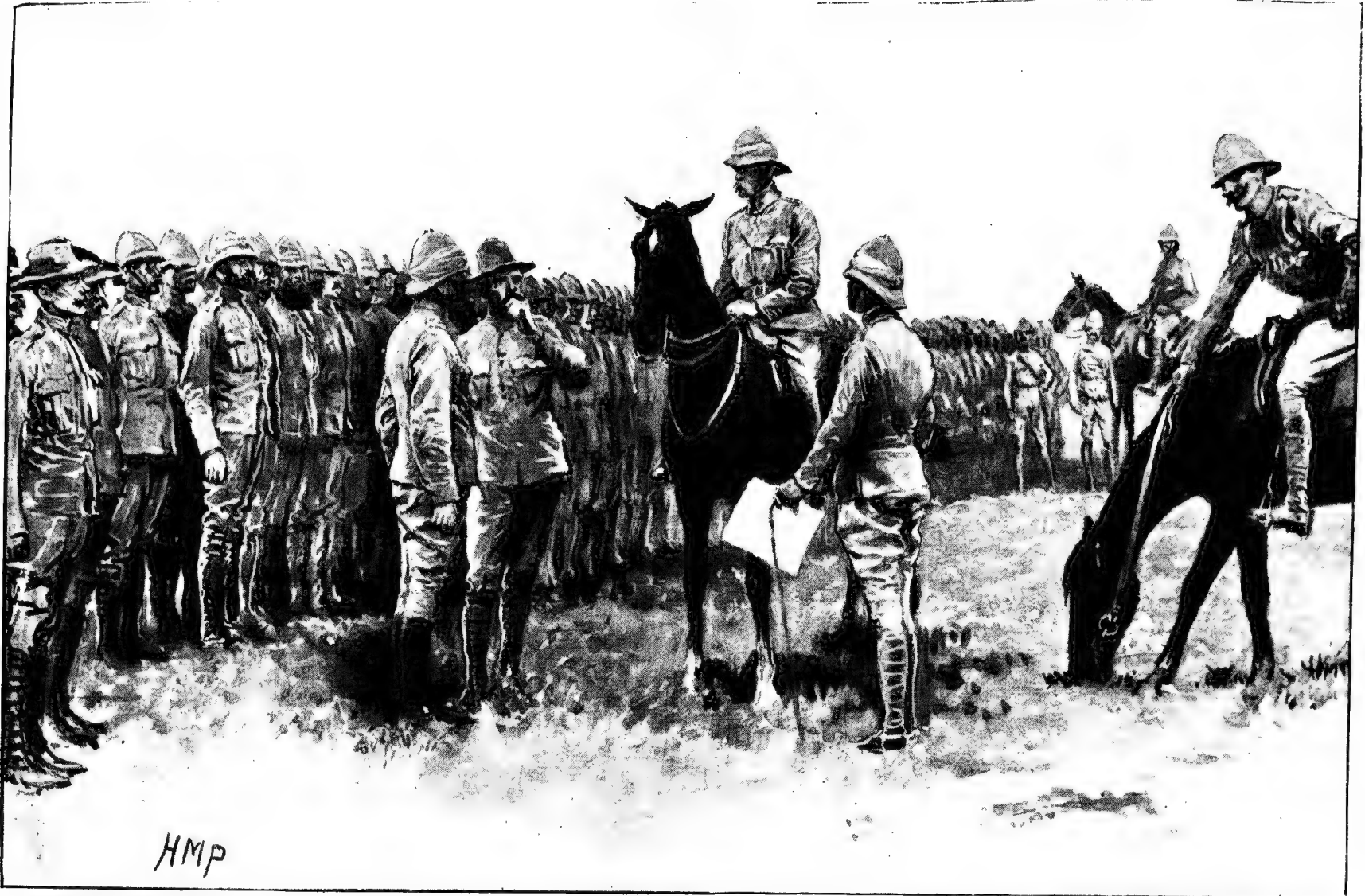
The rapid advance of the Relief Column entirely disconcerted the enemy, who had evidently prepared to oppose it strongly some twelve miles from the town. The advance was continued until one of the investing detachments not at the capital was reached. To the great

surprise of our force this particular stockade was not held at the moment of their arrival, and they got into Kumassi without further opposition. To their great relief the men found the Union Jack still flying, and a few minutes after the entry into the town Major Morris, who,

wounded as he was, was borne in on a hammock, received the congratulations of the besieged garrison on his splendid march from the North

FROM DETAILS SUPPLIED BY A BRITISH OFFICER

THE RELIEF OF KUMASSI: MAJOR MORRIS RECEIVING THE CONGRATULATIONS OF THE GOVERNOR

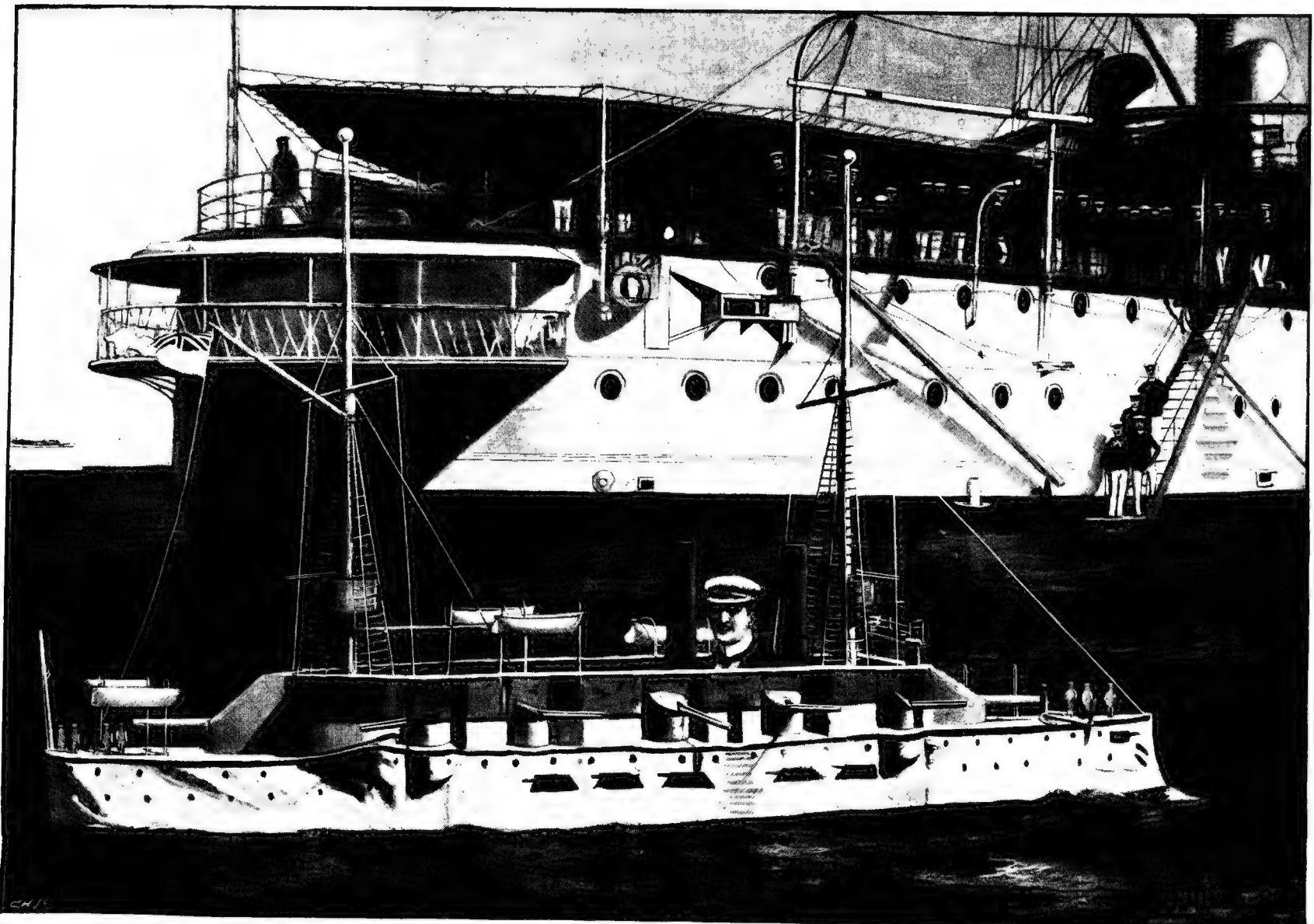


DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE BRITISH MUTOSCOPE AND BIOGRAPH COMPANY

When Pretoria was taken, it was found that some 900 prisoners had been carried off by the Boers, but that 3,039 men and 148 officers, who had been prisoners, had been left behind. The released prisoners were subsequently armed from the stores of arms captured from the Boers.

LORD ROBERTS AT PRETORIA: REVIEWING RELEASED BRITISH PRISONERS

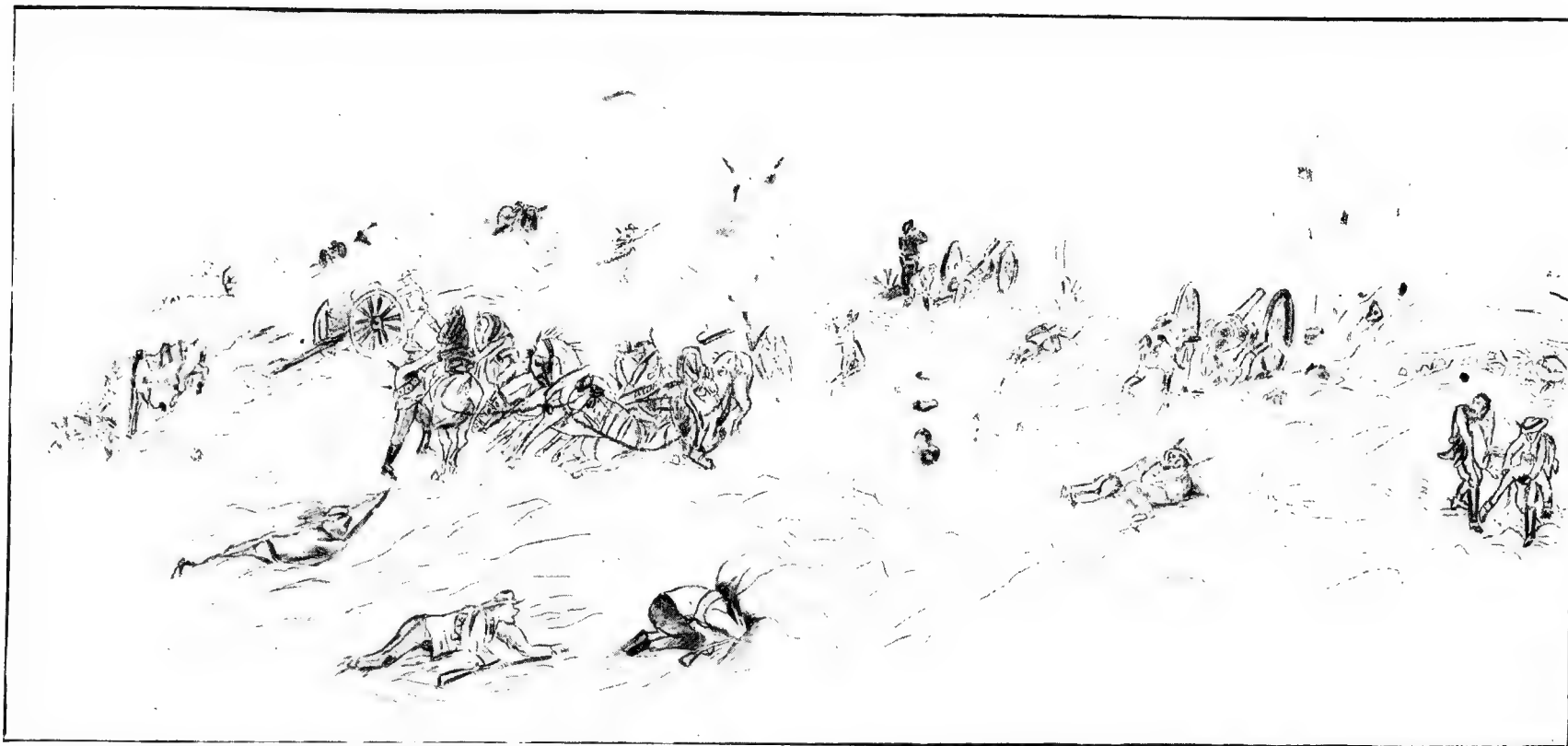


DRAWN BY J. J. WAUGH

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. H. LEE-NORMAN, R.N.

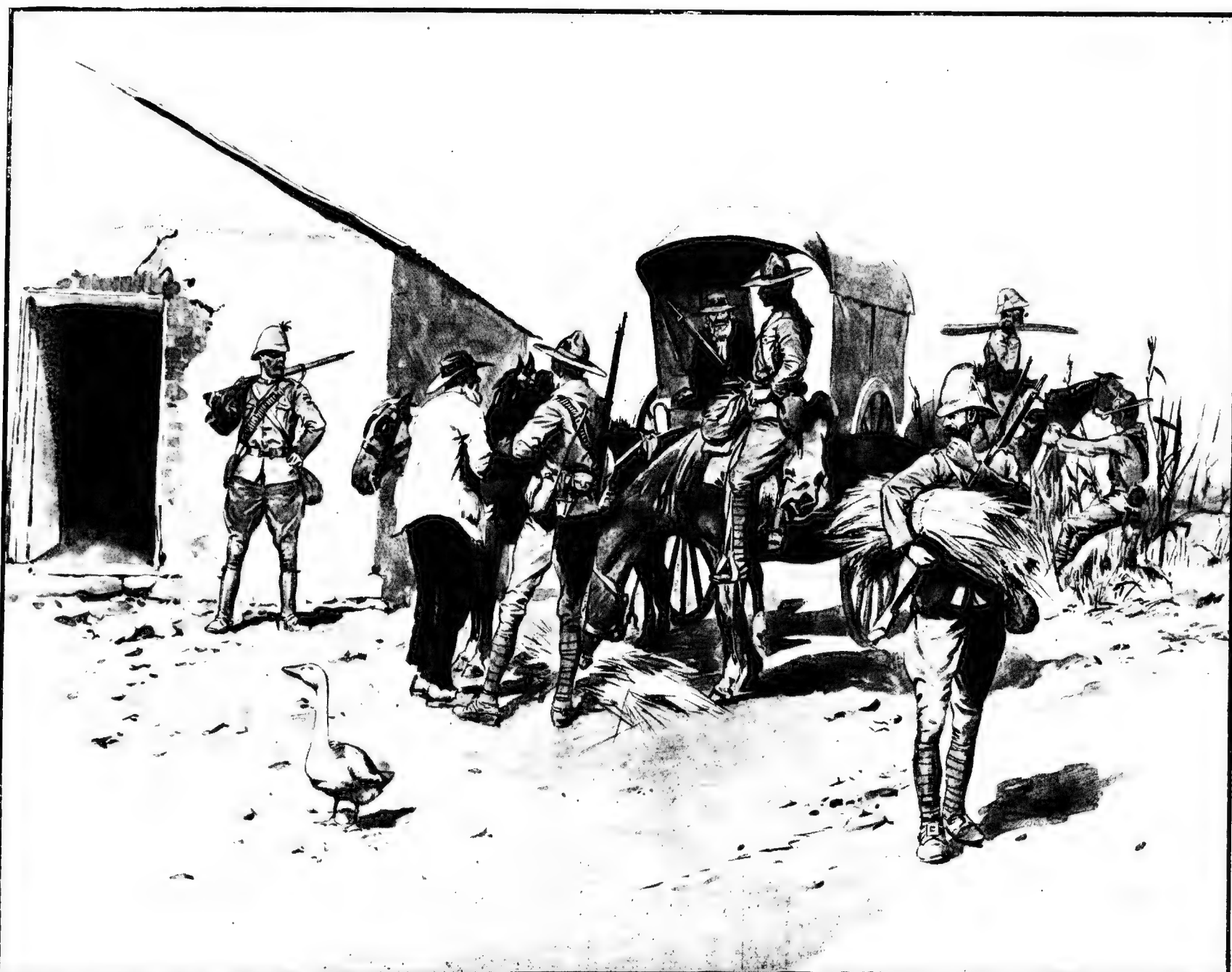
Our illustration shows the starboard quarter-deck of H.M.S. Centurion, flagship of the Commander-in-Chief, with a copper punt in the foreground which gained the prize in a competition for the best-rigged imitation man-of-war.

WITH THE CHINA SQUADRON: A PRIZE IMITATION MAN-OF-WAR



Though this sketch must be an exaggeration of what really occurred, there being so many shells, it is interesting as giving the Boer idea of the destruction wrought by our guns. This sketch bears the name C. G. Mavais, State Artillery

TRANSVAAL STATE ARTILLERY IN ACTION BEFORE LADYSMITH: FACSIMILE SKETCH BY A BOER ARTILLERYMAN



The Canadian Contingent, which has won unstinted admiration for their valuable work during the campaign, have been engaged in pacifying the country round Pretoria. They scour the district, and bring in such Boers as have returned to their homes or have been found in the neighbourhood, and these

are asked to give up their arms and to take an oath of neutrality. The "slim" Boer, however, is constantly found taking the oath and then returning to his commando in order to bear arms again against his too magnanimous enemy

COLONIALS AT THE FRONT IN SOUTH AFRICA: CANADIANS BRINGING IN BOERS TO TAKE THE OATH

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRIPP, R.W.S.

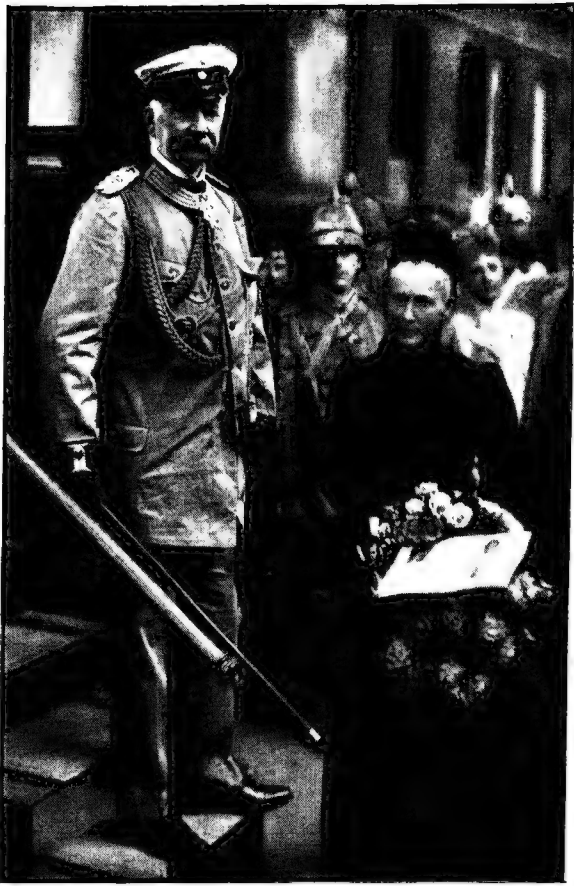
The Chinese Crisis

By CHARLES LOWE

"I THANK God that you and those under your command are rescued from your perilous situation;" so telegraphed the Queen to the officers commanding the Royal Marine Guard at the British Legation in Peking, and Her Majesty, as usual, with her wonderful faculty in this respect, but voiced the feelings of her entire people, who heartily subscribed to the further congratulations sent to the same quarter by the Lords of the Admiralty: "Your countrymen are proud of your heroic defence." How heroic that defence was for a period of about two calendar months—or from June 20 to August 15—we shall only know later on; but we know enough about it already to be proud of it as one of the most brilliant episodes in our history, and as one well worthy to rank with the defence of the Residency at Lucknow. The defence was a shining feat, but not more so than the march of the Allies from Tientsin to Peking for the relief of the beleaguered Legations. They started on the 4th inst.—the distance by the route they took being about eighty miles—and within eleven days they had battered their way into the Forbidden City. On their way they had fought several actions, and suffered almost as much from the bolts of the sun as from the bullets of the Celestials.

Rescue of the Legations

We have it on the authority of the American Minister, Mr. Conger, that the relieving force did not arrive a minute too soon. "If the relieving column had not arrived when it did," he said, "we would probably have succumbed. They tried to annihilate us the day you got in. Prince Ching sent word that his officers had been ordered to cease firing on us on pain of death. At seven in the evening the Chinese opened fire and maintained it incessantly. The whole movement was purely a Governmental one. The Boxers were only a pretence, as they had no guns. A confidential adviser agrees that there was a leader of the Imperial troops there. In eleven days over 2,000 shells fell among us." Those eleven days had begun on the 4th inst. when the Imperial troops re-opened fire on the Legations, which were hemmed in by barricades and surrounded by offensive works, though, *per contrâ*, the defences of the British Legation—which was the chief stronghold of resistance to the fury and "fiendish inhumanity" of the Chinese—had been considerably strengthened. That inhumanity, according to Dr. Morrison of the *Times*, took the form of an attempt to "starve the Christians into surrender," and from



Count Waldersee, the Commander-in-Chief of the European forces operating in China, left Berlin on Monday. He wore the uniform which the Emperor William wore on his voyage to Jerusalem, and which was presented to the Count by the Kaiser. The Countess Waldersee is shown in our illustration seeing her husband off. Our photograph is by Zander and Labisch, Berlin

COUNT WALTERSEE LEAVING BERLIN FOR CHINA

the same source we also learn that the Chinese statement that the Legations had been supplied with food by the Empress during the truce was nothing but a lie. "Since the siege began on June 20, no stores of any kind have been permitted to enter the Legation." In fact, as it would now appear, most of the statements emanating from Chinese sources in Peking for European consumption were audacious fabrications; while guile and treachery on the part of the Imperial authorities sought to do what shell-fire and starvation could not accomplish. It is now clear that the Empress and Prince Tuan have behaved with exceeding cruelty and perfidy. To them, much more than to the Boxers, was due the siege of the Legations. Had they been conscious of having done all they could to protect the Ministers they would not have fled to Sian-fu, the old capital of China, before the avenging force of the Allies.

March of the Allies

That the foreign Ministers were not overtaken by the same, or even by a still more horrible fate, was due to the rapidity with which the relieving army advanced on the capital, clearing away all obstacles before it. As far as actual fighting went, there was comparatively little of this after the action of Yang-tsun, where the brunt of the battle fell on the 1st Sikhs and 24th Bengal Infantry; while, a few days later, at Ho-shi-wu—where the enemy had prepared a position, but fled on the approach of the Allies—a couple of squadrons of the Bengal Lancers got in among the Tartar cavalry and cut them up, capturing the standards of Generals Mah and Sung. It was from sunstrokes that the Allies had to suffer more than from sabre-strokes—torrid heat alternating with deluge of rain, but still they pressed on, and were just in the nick of time to prevent the Chinese at Ho-shi-wu from completing several weeks of excavating work, which would have had the effect of diverting all the water from the Pei-ho and opposing an insuperable barrier to the advance of the relieving force. The Japanese cavalry did splendid work in scouting on ahead and pushing back the enemy in disorganised flight towards the capital, keeping them ever on the run; and when the Allies could not be stopped by Chinese arms, they were not likely to be deflected from their purpose by the "paper bullets of the brain" with which Li Hung Chang continued to pelt them. Among other things, this crafty statesman appealed to the Powers to stop the Allied Force at Tungchau—eleven miles to the east of Peking—where he said it would be met by high officials of the Chinese Government, empowered to negotiate an armistice. To emphasise his appeal Li observed that the Powers were fully aware of the embarrassing position of the Dowager-Empress and the Emperor, and he earnestly

Captain MacCullagh (U.S.A.)

Flag Lieutenant to Admiral Seymour

Admiral Seymour (in Command)

Russian Commander

Italian Commander



Captain de Morrell (French)

Captain Mori (Japanese)

Captain von Usedom (German)

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER

THE FIRST ATTEMPT TO RELIEVE PEKING: A CONFERENCE WITH THE INTERNATIONAL COMMANDERS

begged the various Governments to telegraph instructions to their Commanders to stop their advance at Tungchau. A further advance, he naively said, would wound the feelings of all China's people, high and low. For compliance with his appeal the millions of the Empire would be profoundly grateful to the Powers. But those Powers remained as inexorable as did Bismarck when still more earnestly implored by M. Thiers and Jules Favre to waive his demand for the triumphal entry of the German troops into Paris. Li Hung Chang now vainly turned towards the Empress and "memorialised" her to stay at Peking, stating at the same time that the Allies had entered the capital "unopposed" on the 15th inst. But here again the astute Viceroy's information was sadly at fault, for the entry of the Allies into the Forbidden City was anything but unimpeded. As a matter of fact, it was accompanied by a good deal of desperate and deadly fighting.

At the City's Gates

Fifteen thousand strong, the allies reached Peking on the morning of the 14th, and at once advanced to its assault—no slight task in view of the height and thickness of the surrounding walls, more formidable by far than the treble bulwarks of mediæval Stamboul. The fighting lasted all day, and was of the most stubborn character on both sides. According to the official account sent to Tokio—which deserves to be quoted from the prominent part played by the Japanese throughout the advance, and in the final assault on the city—the Allied Forces, early on the morning of the 14th, attacked Peking on the eastern side, opening with artillery fire. The wall was obstinately held by the enemy. The Japanese and Russians were on the northern side of the Tungchau Canal, the British and Americans on the south side. That night the Japanese blew up the Choayang and Tonghi Gates on the eastern side of the Tartar City, and so entered Peking. Meanwhile the British and Americans entered by the Tung-Pien Gate in the Chinese City. Parties were at once detached from the two forces, and, with the Legations as their objective, met close to them, and established communication with the foreigners. All the Ministers and their Staffs were found to be safe. The Germans and the French seem to have been out of it, but they were hurrying up by forced marching to take part in the occupation of the capital, the streets of which continued for some days to be the scene of desultory fighting till, on the 17th inst., the Allies succeeded in forcing their way into the Sacred City, or inner portion containing the Imperial Palace.

And now, having forced their way into Peking, the Allies—or at

The War in South Africa

Drastic Measures

DURING the past week the news from the Transvaal has mainly related to four events:—The escape of the eel-like De Wet from the toils that were being thrown around him by four of our leading Generals in the field, including Kitchener of Khartoum; the relief of stout-hearted Colonel Hore's garrison on the Eland's River; the court-martialing of Lieutenant Hans Cordua for chief complicity in the plot to kidnap Lord Roberts; and the issue by the Field-Marshal of a proclamation of extreme rigour, which was necessitated by the fact that it was no longer possible to distinguish between the combatant and the non-combatant portion of the Boer population. On countless occasions it was found that defeated and captured Boers had only given their parole or taken the oath of neutrality in order to break it at the first convenient opportunity by either assisting spies or resuming arms. To put an end to this intolerable state of things, begotten of too generous an application to a defeated foe of the Horatian maxim, "*lenis in jacentem*"—"merciful to a man who is down"—Lord Roberts has wisely decreed that in future all burghers in districts occupied by the Imperial forces shall be regarded as prisoners of war, and transported or otherwise dealt with accordingly, with the exception of those who have already taken the oath, and that no further passes shall be issued. Those breaking the oath will be punishable by death, imprisonment, or fine, and if any fail to acquaint the authorities with the presence of the enemy on their farms, they are to be regarded as aiding and abetting the enemy, while buildings harbouring scouts and other foes are liable to be razed. Any lingering unwillingness which Lord Roberts may have cherished against the adoption of such drastic measures was overcome by several flagrant cases of murder and marauding on the part of the Boers, who are no longer carrying on the war like brave but like brigands, as exemplified in particular by their brutal assassination of Colonel Helyar, Imperial Yeomanry, who was at first reported to be missing, but who was afterwards found to have been basely done to death. As for the case of Lieutenant Cordua, of the Staats Artillerie, who was charged with breaking his parole, and conspiring to carry off Lord Roberts—not to speak of "removing" many of his officers—the charge against him was clearly made out on all counts in spite of the resources of defence that were placed by the prosecution at his

surrender. But "B.-P." was equal to the occasion, meeting mockery with derision, and humbly begging to know on what merciful terms he might be allowed to lay down his palsied arms. Not satisfied with this display of audacious impudence, De Wet further flouted his baffled pursuers by approaching Pretoria as near as the Pyramids—only fifteen miles off—but refused to be drawn into action by a force sent out from the capital, and it is probable that he will soon be able to join hands with Louis Botha, east of Machadodorp, beyond which the Boers would seem determined to make a stubborn stand. But the release of our forces from the Orange River Colony, where the only Boer leader at large is now Olivier, with a slender following, ought soon to bring the war to a finish.

C. L.

Our Portraits

SIR WILLIAM STOKES, consulting surgeon to Her Majesty's Forces in South Africa, who died suddenly at the Cemetery Hospital, Pietermaritzburg, was born in 1839. He was the son of the late Dr. William Stokes, Physician-in-Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland, and was educated at the University of Dublin, where he took his M.D. degree in 1863. He was President of the Pathological Society in 1881, and of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1887. He was surgeon to the Meath Hospital and the Dublin County Infirmary. He was knighted in 1886. Our portrait is by Chancellor and Son, Dublin.

Lieutenant John Arthur Greer, 3rd Battalion West India Regiment, who was killed in the dashing night attack on the large rebel camp on the Kumassi-Kokofu road, was attached for duty to the West African Regiment. He had seen about three years' service.

Mr. Hugh Chambers Rose, of Lord Alwyne Compton's Horse, Imperial Yeomanry, now serving in South Africa, has just been granted a commission in the 5th Lancers by Lord Roberts, on the recommendation of his Colonel. Mr. Rose is the second son of Mr. Richard Rose, of 55, Sussex Gardens, Hyde Park, a gentleman well known in the hunting field and late Captain of the 5th West Middlesex Volunteers. Our portrait is from a photograph taken by William Gill, Colchester, just prior to the departure of Lord Alwyne Compton's Horse to South Africa.



THE LATE SERGEANT E. C. PARKER
Killed near Waterval



THE LATE LIEUT. J. A. GREER
Killed near Kumassi



THE LATE SIR WILLIAM STOKES
Died suddenly at Pietermaritzburg



MR. HUGH CHAMBERS ROSE
Of Compton's Horse, who has been granted a
commission in the 5th Lancers



THE LATE MAJOR A. R. POWER
Died of dysentery at Bloemfontein

least their Governments—were once more called upon by the industrious Li Hung Chang to ground their arms and listen to another of his fatuous proposals. They had achieved their purpose, he said, which was the general gaol-delivery of their Ministers, whom they had found safe and sound, and what more could they want? The question of hostilities and the negotiations for the settlement of all difficulties could be arranged now. Li, therefore, asked the various Governments to appoint Plenipotentiaries, or to give full powers to their representatives at Peking, to open negotiations, and he himself would leave for Peking as soon as he got a definite answer to his suggestions; though it is needless to say that the time is not yet ripe enough for the entertainment of such a proposal, seeing that the soldiers have still much to do before the Diplomats can take up the thread of their story.

At Shanghai and Elsewhere

In the meantime it is satisfactory to find that the successes of the International Army in China, of which the news spread with wonderful rapidity in China, have wrought "a wonderful change in the attitude of the Southern mandarins and other officials who are now described as "displaying a commendable anxiety on behalf of foreigners." Nevertheless, hundreds of Europeans continue to arrive at the coast from the interior, while a body of about 3,000 Indo-British troops have now been landed at Shanghai to preserve order. But they were not landed without a good deal of unnecessary trouble, so that what between the representations of the French Consul and the fears of the Chinese that the disembarkation of such a force of British troops might have an effect the opposite of that intended by stirring up the natives to fury at the sight of so many more "foreign devils" in their midst, the said troops, coming from Hong Kong, were directed not to land at Shanghai but to go on to Wei-hai-Wei, and they had actually proceeded some considerable way on their northward course when they were overtaken by a torpedo-destroyer and ordered to return to Shanghai—everyone concerned, including Lord Salisbury and the French Consul, having thought better of the affair. Yet the French, just in order to be even with us, have also landed some troops at the same port and are hastening to land more, so as thus to lessen, by sharing, the responsibilities which we have undertaken there as the guardians of good government and order.

disposal with a fairness and generosity which moved the Boers themselves to the loudest admiration.

A Stedfast Garrison

In the field of arms, as distinguished from the forum of law, perhaps the most notable achievement on our part during the week was Lord Kitchener's relief of Colonel Hore's stedfast garrison of Colonial and other stalwarts on the Eland's River. Kitchener found that he could not succeed in cornering De Wet, and, having given up the chase, he was turned aside by Lord Roberts to address himself to the emancipation of the hard-pressed Hore. By one of the most curious processes of reasoning which ever occurred simultaneously to two minds it was assumed both by Ian Hamilton and by Carrington, who had been previously sent to the relief of Colonel Hore from different directions, that, because they could no longer hear the defiant sound of Hore's guns, therefore Hore had hoisted the flag and begged for terms of surrender—a conclusion which caused them to desist from their efforts to succour him. Yet all the time Hore was silently setting his teeth in the manner of "No-Surrender Pullock" of Colenso and Honingspruit fame. Given up for lost by Carrington and Hamilton, Colonel Hore's gallant little garrison, who had only suffered about fifty casualties, was found and relieved by Kitchener on the 16th inst., and by this time the chase after the brilliantly resourceful raider, De Wet, had been given up for the present as a hopeless job.

Escape of De Wet

In his haste to get away he released all his English prisoners except their officers, but managed to save all his following, said to consist of about 7,000 men, by splitting them up into small bodies and utilising his intimate knowledge of the country to march by night as well as by day, while the movements of his leaden-footed pursuers—in spite of their double teams of picked animals—had to be confined to the period of sunlight. This escape of De Wet—the Boer Baron Trenck of military bonds—was but poorly counterbalanced by the death of a burgher, General Oosthuisen, in the fighting near Krugersdorp. But De Wet is not merely a master in the art of mobility; he is also a master in the art of mockery, otherwise he would not, on escaping the net which had been spread for him, have sent a flag of truce to Baden-Powell at Commando Nek with a summons to

Sergeant Edmund Cox Parker, C Troop, Strathcona's Horse, was killed near Waterval, South Africa, on July 30, in the forty-ninth year of his age. He was the youngest son of the late Major Neville Amburey Parker, of the Honourable East India Company's 58th Bengal Native Infantry, and was born August 10, 1851. He was gazetted ensign 104th Bengal Fusiliers (now Royal Munster Fusiliers) February 8, 1870, transferred to 56th Pombadours (now Essex Regiment) in 1871, served as A.D.C. to General Sir Charles Reid, G.C.B., commanding Lahore Division, retired in the rank of captain from the Essex Regiment in 1882, and settled in British Columbia. In March last he recruited C Troop, Lord Strathcona's Horse, to which he was appointed sergeant. The following particulars of his death have been received from Standerton:—"Thirteen Boers surrendered, and thirty more sent in messages that they were anxious to surrender a farmhouse several miles to the north. Fifteen of Strathcona's Horse approached the farmhouse carefully in widely-extended order, and found from forty to fifty Boers disposed at varying distances. These opened fire, killing one and wounding two native guides, and the troop retired. Sergeant Parker, who was at the extreme right, rode in, however, amidst the Boers. The latter called upon him to surrender. The sergeant wheeled his horse and shouted 'Never!' but a bullet struck him in the region of the heart and he fell dead. Our portrait is by S. B. Barnard, Cape Town.

Major Alfred Richard Power, 1st Battalion King's Own Light Infantry, died of dysentery at St. Michael's Home, Bloemfontein, last June. Born October 29, 1857, he joined the 22nd Regiment from the Militia on June 21, 1879, being transferred to the 51st Light Infantry a few days later. He served in the Afghan War 1879-80, taking part in the action of Nargashai. He obtained his lieutenancy in July, 1881, and his company in January, 1886, and was engaged in the Burmese Expedition of 1886-89. He became major July 19, 1898.

IN one of the illustrations to "A Holiday in Greece," published last week, by an unfortunate misprint the Treasury of Minyas was wrongly designated.



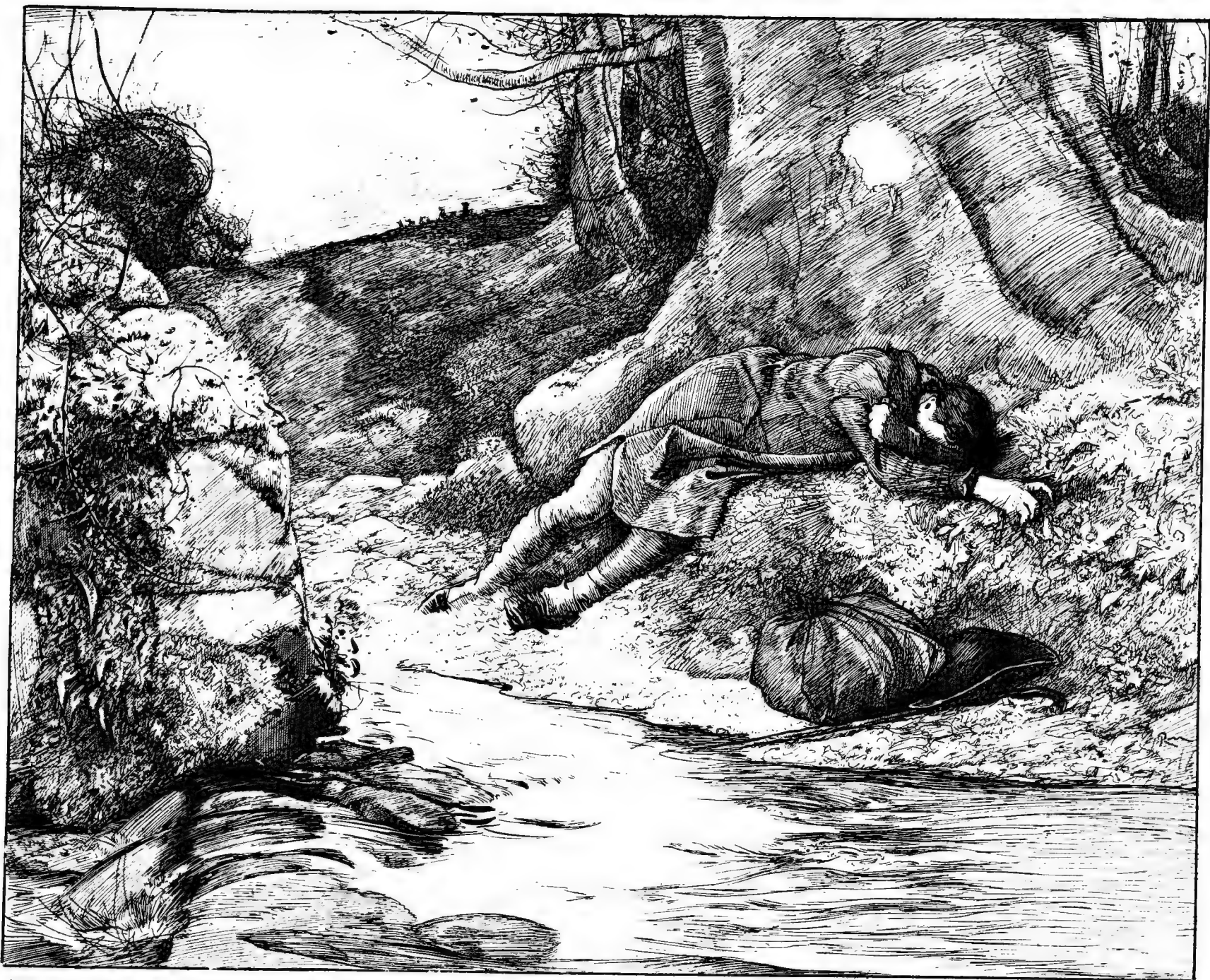
DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. F. PITEL

The procession is about half a mile in length, and goes all round the town, the houses in the streets through which it passes being prettily decorated. In the forefront are a number of children, including a

boy representing a little beadle, another representing St. John the Baptist with a lamb, and a third to typify the Saviour. At the end of the procession, under a canopy, comes the priest carrying the Sacrament

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC PROCESSION IN HONOUR OF THE FETE DIEU AT DINAN



"He flung himself upon the earth and beat the young green things with his clenched hands. The smell of bruised primroses touched his nostrils and in the spirit he saw Sarah Belworthy again bearing a great nosegay of them."

THE MOUND BY THE WAY

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Illustrated by R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.

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IX.

THAT highest hope, long abandoned, should thus suddenly return within his reach staggered John Aggett, and went far to upset the man's mental equilibrium. Indeed it had been but a little exaggeration to describe his mind as for the time unhinged. The splendour of his changed position dazzled him and set him in a whirl of emotions. Joy and bewilderment strove for mastery, and from a medley of poignant sensations was bred the passionate desire of possession, and a wild beast hunger to secure for his own what had been withheld so long.

Sarah Belworthy for her part experienced great turbulence of conflicting fears. Her mind was fixed, yet had something in it of absolute terror as she reflected upon the recent interview. She had offered herself to him as a sudden inspiration; and now, retracing that fevered scene, John Aggett's frenzy of demeanour alarmed her much, for it was a revelation of a side to the man she had never encountered until then. Presently an answer came to her puzzled mind—a solution of a sort that made the blood surge hotly to Sarah's face. Could it be that she had offered herself where she was wanted no more? Had John's chivalry alone been responsible for his ready undertaking to receive her back? She nearly screamed in the silence of her chamber at this thought; she desisted from her labour of preparation and flung herself upon her bed in secret shame. But reason quickly banished the fear. She remembered the man's intoxication of joy, his delicious thanksgiving. She felt her bosom sore where he had hugged her to himself and praised the God of Justice. Next she retraced his subsequent display of passion, his extravagant utterances and threats. She realised very fully that he held the pending crisis as one of vital magnitude, and knew that he was strung to a pitch far beyond any that previous experience of him had exhibited or revealed to her. She determined to give him no cause for further excitement and so returned to her work, wondering the while what this ingredient of fear might be that had entered into her emotions concerning him.

Anon her thoughts passed to the other man, and the last struggle began. For his own salvation she was leaving him, but with natural human weakness she much desired that he should know of her great sacrifice in the time to come. That Timothy should pursue his life in ignorance of the truth after she had departed was a terrible thought to Sarah, but to see him again appeared out of the

question; so there was a possibility that he would deem her faithless and worthless to the end. She knelt and prayed that the nature of the thing she had done might be revealed to him in the fulness of time; and then her mind grew active in another direction, and she wondered why she had thrown herself back into her first lover's arms, and not taken his advice—to remain free of both. Her feelings towards Aggett eluded all possibility of analysis or understanding. She fled from them to the task of setting her small possessions in order and packing her basket for the forthcoming departure.

Sarah could not write and she was unable therefore to leave any message for her parents. Their anxiety must endure for the space of a day and night, but might then be allayed. She pictured herself dictating a letter to the scrivener at Okehampton, and wondered what she should put in it.

As the time approached and the day died, the vision of Timothy grew clearer and more clear. She saw his grief and indignation, his sorrow and dismay; she knew every line in his face which would contract, every furrow that would be deepened at this event; and she speculated drearily upon his course of action and shivered at the possibility of a meeting between the men. Her distraction did not obscure the drift of John's last words, however, or blind her to the importance of keeping tryst at the tree, for he had made it clear that some unutterable disaster must overtake them if she delayed her coming beyond the stroke of the church clock. It wanted twenty minutes to eight when Sarah started to meet the partner of her future life; and as her destination was only a short half-mile distant, she allowed ample time to reach it.

Meantime Aggett had passed down the hill five minutes sooner. It was a night of broken clouds and full moon. Rapid motion in the direction of the zenith seemed imparted to the planet as scattered vapour driven before a light north-westerly breeze passed across her face. With ascending movement, the moon mounted a silvery stairway of clouds and passed swimming upwards across one scattered tract of darkness to the next. Stars twinkled here and there upon the interspaces of gloom, and the nocturnal world beneath was full of soft light and sweet spring savours. Nature's busy fingers moved about those duties men see not in the act. From umbels of infant chestnut leaves she drew the sheaths, loosed the folds of primroses and wood anemones, opened the little olive coloured buds of the woodbine's foliage, liberated

the chrysoprase spears of the wild arums from the dry earth. A tern owl whirled and wheeled about a blackthorn tree that stood alone near Aggett's cottage door. Green leaves now clothed it, where a few weeks earlier blossoms had frosted every bough. The spring green of field and forest and hedgerow looked wan under the moonlight; valleywards a mist, born of recent rain, wound sinuously and shimmered opalescent, like a magic mother-o'-pearl sea, while above there loomed a background of night-hidden moor. Viewed at this distance the waste returned no spark or twinkle of the light from on high, but extended darkly and gigantically along the horizon and made the upper chambers of moonlight and cloud shine out the brighter for its own sullen and dimensionless obscurity.

John Aggett passed from the embrace of the night wind into the denser atmosphere of the woods beneath. A stream brawled beside him and ran before the cottage of the Belworthys. Here he dawdled a moment half in hope to meet Sarah; but he felt confident that she was in reality before him, and would be waiting ere now at the beech. Proceeding downwards he passed a young man leaning against a gate. The youth stood quite motionless, and over his shoulder Aggett observed wide-spreading grass lands. Upon the expanse of dim green, parallel bars of faint light between equal tracts of gloom indicated that a roller had been passed regularly over the field to better its promise of future hay.

The man turned, and John, knowing the other for Timothy Chave, guessed that he awaited a companion. Instant rage set his blood racing; the veins in his neck and forehead bulged; the muscles of hand and arm hardened; but he kept in shadow, and passed upon the further side of the road where the stream ran. Timothy called out "good-night" in the voice of one who does not recognise him to whom he speaks; but Aggett returned no answer, and, satisfied that he had not been recognised, soon passed out of earshot. His mind was now darker than the shadows of the pine trees, fuller of brooding whispers than their inky tops; but he fought against foreboding with the full strength of his will, set presentiment of evil behind him, and lifted his voice and spoke aloud to cheer himself.

"He'll be down-along; he'll surely be down-along, dear heart, waitin' for me. She knows nought about the chap standin' there. It caan't be. She'm strong set to follow me ever more, for 'tis the road of her awn choosin'."

He proceeded to the spot where Sarah had first promised herself to him. The old fir bole shone ghost grey under the moon and Sarah Belworthy was not visible; whereon Aggett felt a mighty dread tightening at his stomach, like hands. He threw down his bundle and stick. Then he listened awhile, only to hear the jolt and grind of a wood sledge proceeding down the hill. He looked about him, calculated that it yet wanted ten minutes to the hour, then struck a light with a flint, puffed it into flame and sought idly for the initials and lover's knot that he had set upon the fir. His work had suffered little since its first completion; but now it vanished, for, upon some sudden whim, the man fetched out his knife, obliterated the inscription with a few heavy gashes, pared all away, and left nothing but a raw white blaze upon the bark. His own downcast condition puzzled him. Now, albeit within five minutes of his triumph, now, while each moment was surely bringing Sarah to him on tripping feet, he grew more morose and ill at ease. It was the thought of the other standing at the gate. Once more John talked to himself aloud to cheer his spirit. "Curse the fule—biding so stark under the moon, like a mommet* to fright ghosts. Her won't stop for him—never. Her'll come; her's promised."

He repeated the words over and over again; but a voice, loud as his own, answered him and mocked him out of the darkness. His life and its futility reeled before him like phantasmagoria upon the night. He stamped and swore to disturb the visions; but as he waited and listened for Sarah's coming the past took visible shape again and summoned pictures of days gone by when he went wool-gathering with little Sally on the high moor. No sound broke the silence, no footfall gladdened his heart. And then there floated out the chimes of the hour, and the clock strokes that succeeded spanned great chasms of time with each long-drawn note. It was as though the bell knew all and hesitated to toll a doom; but its music died; remote echoes also passed mournfully away; the hour was numbered with time past and the world rolled on under the moon.

Great floods of passion drowned the man for a moment. He flung himself upon the earth and beat the young green things with his clenched hands. The smell of bruised primroses touched his nostrils and in the spirit he saw Sarah Belworthy again bearing a great nosegay of them. She moved beside him through a bygone April; her laugh made music through the spring woods; her lips were very red; and round her girl's throat hung a little necklace of hedge-sparrow's eggs, blue as the vernal sky.

Aggett arose, rubbed the earth from his knuckles and began to tighten the thong he wore about his waist. But the leather under his hands suddenly challenged his mind and he took off the belt and examined it. "Her never loved me—never—never," he said to the night. "To leave me arter what I said—to leave me now knawin'—'tis enough. I be tired—I be weary of the whole airth. Her lied to me through it all; but I won't lie to her." He flung down the belt, then picked it up again and removed a little bag that was fastened to it and contained a few shillings in silver. This he placed beside his bundle. Then he flung the long snaky coil of the girdle upon the ground and stood, like a stone man, staring at it.

Elsewhere, Sarah, hastening down the hill, some five minutes after John had noted young Chave at the gate of the hayfield, similarly saw and recognised Timothy. His presence reminded her of a fact entirely forgotten during the recent storm and stress. He was there by appointment and eager to hear the first rustle of his sweetheart's approach. Now her heart flogged at her breast, and she felt her knees weaken. But she kept steadily on with averted face and instinct quick to find concealment in every shadow. She drew her hood about her and walked upon the grass by the wayside.

The man heard and turned, waking from a reverie. He saw his sweetheart even as she passed him by.

"Sally! It is Sally!" he cried.

She did not answer, though his voice shook her to the well-springs of her life; and he, supposing that she was about some lover's pretty folly, laughed joyously and came after her. Then she hastened the more and he did likewise.

"A moonlight chase. So be it, sweetheart; but you'll have to pay a heavy penalty when I catch you!"

Still she did not speak, then perceiving that he must speedily overtake her she found her tongue.

"For Christ's sake don't 'e follow me! 'Tis life—life an' death. Ban't no time for play. Turn back, Tim, turn back if you ever loved me."

Her tone alarmed him and he hesitated a moment, then came steadily on again, calling to Sarah to stop.

"Tell me what's amiss—quick, quick, dear one! Who should help you in the whole world but your Tim?"

Now her quick brains had devised a means of possible escape. The stream that ran by the road here passed immediately under a high hazel hedge, and the bank had been torn down by cattle at one point. Upon the other side of this gap extended a narrow meadow at the fringe of young coppice woods. Once within this shelter Sarah felt she might be safe. But there was not a moment to lose, for Tim had now approached within fifteen yards of her. A thousand thoughts hastened through the girl's mind in those fleeting moments, and not the least was one of indignation against her pursuer. She had bid him stay in the name of Christ, yet he paid no heed, but blundered on, dead to consequences, ignorant of the evil for which he might be responsible if he restrained her. To leap the stream was Sarah's first task—a feat trifling by day but not so easy now that night had sucked detail from the scene and banished every particular of the brook's rough course. Here its waters chattered invisible; here they dipped under young grasses and forget-me-nots; here they twinkled out into the moon only to vanish again engulfed by great shadows. The girl sped upon her uneven way, marked the gap ahead, and, in her haste, mistaking for moonlight a grey stone immediately before her at a little bend in the stream, leapt forward, struck her feet against granite, and, falling, spread her hands to save herself. But despite this action her forehead came violently against the boulder and her left foot suffered still more severely. She struggled to recover and rise, while her basket tumbled into the stream, scattering small, precious possessions on the water. With a desperate effort the girl actually regained her feet, but only to lose consciousness and be caught up in Tim Chave's arms as she fell again.

Then it was her pursuer's turn to suffer; but rapid action relieved

* Mommet. Scarecrow.

him of some anxiety and occupied his mind. The place was very lonely, the girl apparently dead. For half an hour he sought to revive her; then she opened her eyes and lifted them to the moon, and by slow stages of broken thoughts took up the thread of her life again.

"Thank God—thank God, my darling! If you only knew what I have endured. I thought you had killed yourself, and the terror of it has made me grow old. What, in Heaven's name, were you doing to run from me like that?"

She put up one hand to her head and uttered a long shivering sigh, but as yet lacked the power to speak. Beneath her hair was a terrible bruise, and she felt that something stabbed her eyes and made them flash red fiery rings into the cold silver of the moonlight.

"Speak," he said; "just one little word, my treasure—just one word, so that I may know my life has come back to me."

Then she spoke, slowly at first, with increased speed as her memory regained clearness.

"No, no, no—not to Tim, not back to Tim. I remember, I fell running away from 'e. You sinned a gert sin to come arter me when I bid 'e in Christ's name to let me bide. Help me now—now, 'fore 'tis too late. 'Tis the least you can do, an' theer's a man's life hanging to it for all I know. Say nothin'; ax nothin'; help me, help me quick to go to un."

"To whom, Sarah? You're dreaming, lovey. Who should I take you to—your father? But I'm here, Timothy, an' thank God I was. What frightened you so? Like a moonbeam you went and nearly broke your neck and my heart together—pon my honour you did."

"Help me," she said. "Give awver talkin', for it ban't the time. You'll know how 'twas some day. I've prayed solemn, as you should know. Let me go down-along, quick—quicker'n lightning—or it may be too late. Wheer's my basket gone? I had a lil' basket. An' allus b'lieve I loved 'e—b'lieve it to the end of the world."

"As if I ever doubted it? Now let me carry you right home, my wounded bird. The sooner the better."

"No, I tell 'e. Help me to my feet, now this instant minute if you doan't want me to go mad. Theer's things hid—terrible things. I must go. He won't wait for me; he swore it. Down to the gert fir-tree he bides, Jan—Jan Aggett. Oh, help me, my awn love; help me, Tim, for my body's weak, an' I can't rise up without 'e."

"To him—help you to him!"

"I mean it. I can't tell you nothing. For the love of the Lard doan't talk no more. 'Tis most eight o'clock for certain. Oh, if I thwart 'un!"

She struggled desperately, like a trapped animal that sees dog or man approaching; and he helped her to stand, though now he scarcely knew what he did. Then the pang of a dislocated bone in her foot pierced the girl, and she cried aloud and sank back breathless and faint with pain.

"I can't go to un, so you must. Hasten, hasten, if ever you loved me, an' mend the gert wrong you've done by bringing me to this. Speed down to the corner o' the woods an' tell Jan Aggett what have fallen out. Never mind me; my foot ban't no account; but Jan—him—tell un I'm here against my will. Shout aloud through the peace o' the night as you're coming to un from me."

Still he hesitated until her voice rose in a high-pitched shriek of impatience, and she tore her hair and beat her breast. Then he departed, and even ran as she screamed to him to go faster.

Once fairly started Timothy made the best of his way to Throwley for a doctor and some aid to carry Sarah to her home. At the dripping well beside the stile he stopped a moment and shouted his rival's name till the woods echoed; but no answer came, and he ran on to the village.

Fifteen minutes later Timothy returned to the hill with the local practitioner, his apprentice, and two labourers. Investigation proved that Sarah Belworthy had not been very gravely injured, though her mind was evidently suffering from some serious shock. She asked for Aggett on Tim's return, and, being assured that he had left the meeting-place before her messenger reached it, she relapsed into silence. Presently the dislocation of her ankle was reduced, and she lay in comfort on the pallet that she had thought to press no more.

X.

A SMALL boy, playing truant from his dame's school, discovered the nature of John Aggett's final action. The lad, seeking for those elements of mystery and adventure never absent from a wood, found both readily enough at the precincts of the pine forest. First a bundle in a red handkerchief, with a stout stick lying beside it, made the explorer peep fearfully about for the owner. Then he found him, and the small boy's eyes grew round, his hair rose under his cap, and his jaw fell. Lifted not far above the child's head and hanging by the neck from a great limb of the fir was a man weary of waiting for one who could not keep her word.

In the earth they laid John Aggett, at the junction of cross roads not far from his mother's home; and they handled his clay roughly, for cutting a blackthorn stake from the tree by his cottage door, they buried the man with old-time indignities and set no mark upon his grave.

For two years Sarah and Timothy were strangers after that night; then Farmer Chave passed to his ancestors, and Tim found himself lord of Cridland Barton and a free man. In course of time he won the girl back; indeed little effort was needed to do so. Their wedded life is not recorded, and may be supposed to have passed peacefully away. A son's son now reigns at Cridland, and his grandparents lie together under the grass of Throwley churchyard. There, for fifty years, an antique monument has risen above them and a fat cherub puffed at a post-horn; but to-day gold lichens threaten to obliterate and nibble away the manifold virtues of Timothy Chave and his lady, as set forth on slanting stone.

And the other man rests lonely under the sloe tree, for its green wood grew and flourished to the amazement of those who set it there. Yet the purple harvest of that haggard and time-fretted thorn, men still bid their children leave upon the bough, for the roots of it wind in the dust of the unholy dead, and to gather the flower or pluck the fruit would surely be to court ill-fortune and beckon sorrow.

THE END

A Medical Officer's Experiences in the South African Campaign—V.

By S. OSBORN

It is only right to say that the civilian element received the greatest consideration from their professional *confederes* of the Royal Army Medical Corps, with whom it was a pleasure to be associated. It would have been impossible to have met with greater kindness from anyone than we did from Colonel Townsend, the Principal Medical Officer of our Division, and his valuable coadjutor, Major Burtchaell, R.A.M.C. The latter officer had the unique experience for a medical officer of being a prisoner for some days in the hands of the Boers, and it was with him that I visited some of the Red Cross Hospital trains. It is greatly to the credit of everyone concerned that these trains were fitted up and transformed from ordinary passenger ones in so short a time as six or eight days. This is a strong argument in favour of adaptation and against special construction which takes many weeks. The arrangement of these hospital trains was everything that could be desired, and the wounded had every attention and comfort given them. The Red Cross Society gave to every invalid soldier entering them a linen bag containing two flannel shirts and pocket handkerchiefs, a suit of pyjamas, a pair of socks, writing paper, a sponge and tooth brush. I said to one of the soldiers that he was, indeed, now well set up. "Yes," he replied, "and that tooth brush will do capitally for cleaning my buttons with," having, apparently, no intention of using it for the purpose for which it was intended; a tooth brush to remove the dust from the mouth after a long march being by no means one of the least useful of sanitary precautions.

It is perfectly justifiable to call Tommy "absent-minded." In the village of Boshof there was an excellent open-air swimming bath, which was greatly enjoyed by the soldiers, especially during the hot part of the day; but instead of using it as they would have been compelled to use such a bath at home, they used soap; and, consequently, the surface of the water was never what it should have been, and made it very unpleasant to use afterwards. On the kopje close to us a Kaffir hermit had located himself in a rag and bone shelter. He had not, I think, all his senses, and fancied himself King of the Kaffir kraal some short distance off. I made him a present of a small looking glass, which pleased him immensely, for he sat jabbering like a monkey, which he very closely resembled, whilst he looked at himself in it, and was by no means a pretty object to behold.

Easter Day was properly celebrated in the camp. It proved to be a very wet morning, so, having one of our large tents empty, I offered it to the regimental chaplain for the early celebration, at which some thirty soldiers attended. The same offer was made for the second service, but the numbers attending were so numerous that the tent would not accommodate them and the service was held partly in the tent and partly in the open. So numerous indeed were the worshippers that, as there was only one clergyman to officiate, he was reluctantly compelled to do a thing he had never done before, and that was to say the prayers of administration to batches of five at a time and not to each one separately. The chaplain said that he had never witnessed so large an attendance in camp before, and it was to him a matter of great delight. Unfortunately we lost his services a short time after, as he was laid up with an attack of enteric fever.

The chaplain in the British Army is distinguished by a black Maltese Cross, edged round with gold cord, on the collar of his khaki coat. He certainly looked somewhat unclerical with a khaki helmet and a surplice over a suit of khaki, whilst his legs below showed brown boots and legs encased in putties. At one of the services a rough Irish terrier stood devoutly behind the chaplain during the whole of the service.

Another minister, belonging, I think, to the Christian Association, once called upon me professionally wearing the arms of Oxford University on his collar. The amusing part of this was that my orderly, seeing this upon his collar, announced him as a gentleman belonging to some bicycle corps.

Our church services in camp always ended with "God Save the Queen," and the National Anthem, sung fervently by all the soldiers, without music, whilst in touch with the enemy and in an enemy's country, was to me, somehow, far more impressive than at any time I had ever heard it before.

I visited one Sunday the Dutch church in the centre of the town. The service was Congregational and entirely in Dutch, even to the sermon; so I understood nothing of it. What struck me as remarkable was that the congregation sat the whole time to pray, and even to sing, whereas to stand and to throw out the chest is one of the first principles when taught to sing, and it did not strike me as being at all reverential. The parson was another edition of the Vicar of Bray; at one time Boer, at another Briton. Armed with a camera, he was caught one day photographing the arrangements of the camp and was speedily stopped by order of the General.

News in camp of how the war was progressing was very meagre, and in consequence rumours and false reports abounded. In some places notice boards with the latest telegrams were posted up by the kindness of the General Commanding, and these were eagerly scanned by a crowd of soldiers. The chief interest of the day centred in the daily issue of camp orders with the countersign or password of the day, and the time and place of the next day's march. The initial letter of the countersign, following as it did the letters of the alphabet afforded speculation as to what it would be; for instance, "Argyle" would be followed by one beginning with B. When going out of camp or returning late in the evening, it was necessary to be in possession of this password in case of being challenged by a sentry. On one occasion, being challenged, "Who goes there?" "Friend"; "Halt and give the countersign." I gave it at once by calling out "Warrenton." Seeing the sentry advance with his bayonet fixed, and fearing I was an intended victim, I called out still more loudly, "Warrenton, you fool, don't you know it." The sentry then still further advanced, and in dulcet tones admonished me for shouting it out. "Not shout it out, indeed," I replied, "when I saw you advancing with a pointed bayonet."

When at Schwartz Koppefontein I had a most agreeable conversation with the General upon the excellence of the Tortoise Tents and

Waggons which we had in use at our Field Hospital. There is plenty of room for improvement in the construction of the Regulation Ambulance Waggon, and that in use by the Boers was far superior to ours. It is a mistake to suppose that an ox waggon is an uncomfortable mode of conveyance for wounded. I have tried all varieties, and although it is slow in progress, it is the most comfortable. Not to get jolting in any ambulance over such country would be an impossibility, which anyone would find who tried to drive one, for instance, up the Valley of the Rocks at Lynton. However, something constructed on the swing principle, like cots on board ship, would be better adapted to a country like South Africa.

It was on leaving Schwart Koppefontein on the return march to Boshof that we had the experience of hearing the sound of the Boer pom-poms, so named from the noise which these guns make when fired. On our finally leaving Boshof two earthworks or redoubts were dug out within ten yards of my tent for the protection of the town by the diminished garrison when we left it, thereby showing what I previously said about the strategical position of the place where our hospital was located.

The Boers were up to every conceivable trick on the face of the globe. As our khaki uniform prevented their seeing us satisfactorily as we advanced, they set fire to the grass so as to make a black background against which our uniforms would show up more plainly and afford a better mark for them to shoot at.

As the column proceeded the dust arose in clouds, and, rising many feet above our heads, was driven in our faces by the wind. To some it was possible to ride to windward and escape it somewhat, and well for those who could. The dust swallowed was in my opinion partly the cause of illness amongst the soldiers.

It appeared to me that much might be done in future campaigns towards the improvement of the sanitary arrangements of troops on active service, and this has led me to suggest the introduction of a "Corps Sanitaire" in our Service, similar to what is already found in use in Continental armies.

I think, also, that the swagger turned-up hat was the cause of much sun fever, because it was always jauntily turned up on one side and never down all the way round as worn by the Boers and Colonials. The North and South Notts and the Yorkshire Yeomanry, who were not supplied with helmets, undoubtedly suffered more than those with.

A very wise precaution to keep any wound antiseptic was adopted by each man having sewn in the front corner of his tunic an antiseptic pad, protective, and bandage. This could be immediately applied by any unskilled hand, and the wound thus early rendered and kept clean was the cause of its more rapid healing.

Between Aaronslaagte and Niekirk Kuil, some eighteen miles, there was no water to be got, and the oxen if not moved on by night would die by the roadside. Therefore it necessitated a night march, which we began after dinner at 7 p.m.

In the imperfect moonlight the moving column had the most weird effect—a veritable nocturne in black and greys. It looked like a replica of Napoleon's flight from Moscow without the horrors, the silence being only broken by the native drivers urging on their mules with the cry of "Hut, hut!" which is equivalent to our "Gee up." Having done a march of some fifteen miles the day before we were mostly half asleep. A horseman was rudely shaken by his comrade to keep him from falling asleep upon his horse, whilst another rolled off the top of a waggon going along in front of us. We had a halt in the middle of the night for some refreshment, rum being served out all round; but it was a very short rest, as the General feared that if it was a long one some might fall asleep and be a trouble to wake.

When we did arrive at our destination at 5 a.m. I was so tired that I threw myself on the ground and fell asleep at once, even though we had in our company the champion snorer of the entire column.

The horses in South Africa suffered largely, but whether it was due to their not being properly understood it is difficult to say. Those brought from home suffered more than those Colonial bred. Sore backs were the great trouble, probably arising from the heat generated when in use during the day and the cold when at rest during the night. It was said by one who ought to know that instead of taking the saddles off at night they ought to have been left on and the girths loosened. I personally had three remounts owing to sore backs, one, a Basuto pony that in appearance really more resembled a sheep than a horse. Some horses, however, stood the campaign well, notably a very bad tempered beast that was named "Boshof," but a great favourite, nevertheless, with its owner. The kindness of Tommy to his horse was proverbial, and if the animal was wounded or derelict a bullet ended his suffering. This fact will be appreciated by those who took interest in this matter at home, and asked me to give it my attention before I left for the Cape. The price of horses in South Africa was needlessly raised by the multiplicity of agents buying one against another. An animal that could have been procured for five or ten pounds was run up to thirty or forty.

It was awfully difficult, all being in khaki, to recognise of what regiment you happened to be abreast when on the march. The Staffordshire knot, fastened on the side of the helmet and below the collar at the nape of the neck, was the most easily picked out of all. There were some very distinguished infantry regiments present with us, notably the North Lancashire, under the command of Colonel Kekewich, and the Yorkshire Light Infantry, under Colonel Barter.

Riding ahead, I entered the town of Hoopstad before the main body of the column, and whilst awaiting their entry got into conversation with an Englishman, resident in the town. He proved to be an old bluejacket from H.M.S. *Blanche*, my heart immediately went out to him, and I got him to supply us with milk, butter and bread. At our midday mess his character was aspersed without knowledge, which I resented, though the charges afterwards proved to be correct. This renegade Englishman, who was a deserter from the Navy, had been excused by the Boer commander of the district from fighting against his own countrymen, and having got his letter of exemption, accepted the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds from an old Boer farmer to fight in his stead. No wonder they had a bad opinion of Englishmen in that town. My quondam friend the following day found himself in the local gaol, with a court-martial hanging over him.

What his ultimate punishment was I don't know—shooting was too good for him.

The Boers now began to come in daily to surrender and give up their weapons and ammunition. A large bonfire to destroy the latter was burning for two whole days. Some prisoners, Generals Daniels and Dupree amongst the number (the notorious General Pretorius unfortunately escaped capture), wrapped up in very loud coloured rugs and riding on an ox waggon, were taken along with us.

It was at the house of General Daniels in Boshof, which was occupied as a residence by some of our officers, that I had the pleasure of dining. Our march was continued along the south of the Vaal River, which in some places reminded one very much of Thames scenery. We then proceeded south to Bothaville and thence to Kroonstad. The entry into Bothaville was marked by some looting on the part of our soldiers, but not to any great extent. The taking of some 2½ fans was brought home to one man, and as there was a supposed order that any man found looting was to be hanged and his regiment sent down to the Cape, we were very fearful that the order would be carried out for this offence, although it was actually so trivial. Stellenbosch, a camp not far from the Cape, was the corner to which those were sent who had done wrong. "To be Stellenbosched" was synonymous to being reprimanded or punished, and it became a familiar expression.

Of wild flowers there were but few; a bright red ranunculus was the most conspicuous as well as the most beautiful.

Now and again we heard in camp a tremendous outcry like that

made by the onlookers at a football match. This was due to some poor rabbit getting up and the soldiers giving chase with sticks or anything they could get hold of so as not to lose this addition to their stockpot. Of other animals beside the rabbit, the merecat, the gnu and an occasional springbok were seen; the antbear was undoubtedly there in plenty but never visible, and an occasional snake and some very beautiful orange and green coloured chameleons were met with. One of the last named I obtained and put into a bucket with the hope of bringing it home with me for the Zoological Gardens in London. Unfortunately, when we were crossing a river, the water was sufficiently high to upset the bucket, suspended under one of the waggons, and my chameleon got washed out.

Such were some of the pleasurable incidents of my campaign.

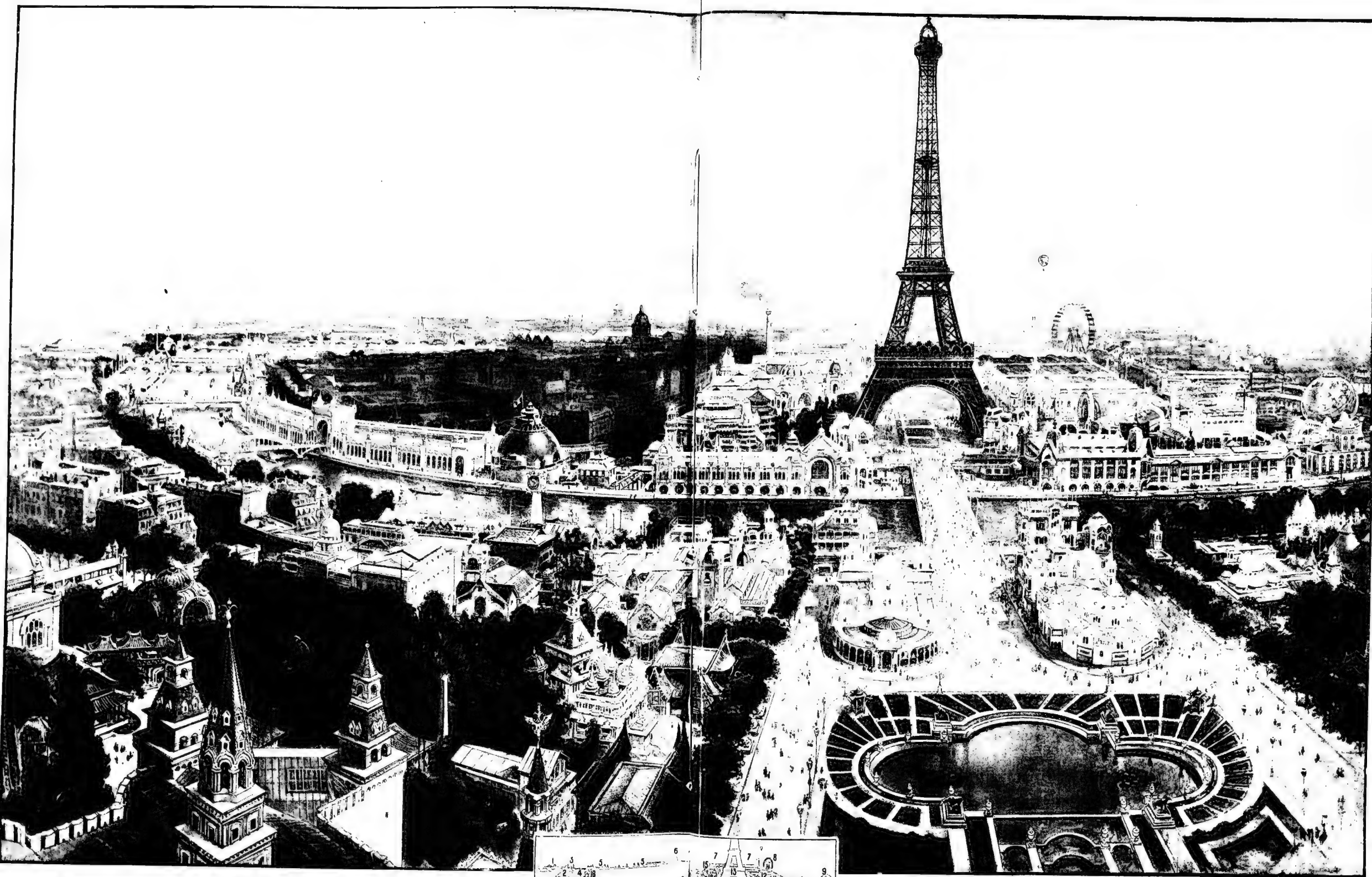
War has also another side, the painful and terrible one. Tragedy and comedy walk together. Of this other side I have intentionally said nothing. It is not right to those loved ones at home to raise the curtain of that picture. Those out there never realise it, and in the excitement of battle do not think of the horrors of war. A piece of looking glass passed round by a soldier before a battle, with the joking remark to have the chance of one more look at oneself, is a sad and sorry jest, and anything but a joke to those who are at home. To those, who have to sit at home thinking and knowing what war really is, come the sorrow and distress. Why, then, harrow their feelings? Look on the bright side. We fight for the honour and glory of our country.

THE END

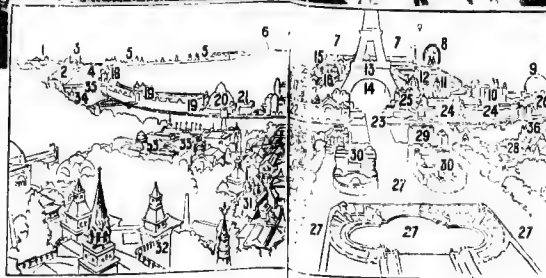


Visiting gown of palest shot lavender silk, striped with ivory white, on which are embroidered tiny black silk spots. The trained skirt is trimmed with elaborately cut strappings of plain lavender silk in two different shades, which make a heading for the shaped flounce of deep cream lace that gives the touch of necessary luxury and modishness to the foot of the skirt. The little jacket is of the dark shade of plain silk, revers collar, cuffs and trimming round edges, finely stitched with cream silk and then overlaid with cream silk guipure, the collar being of turned down Directoire type with cravat of fine net having lace ends.

Hat of tuscany straw with long black feather curling round the brim, which turns up from the face above a cluster of yellow roses, mingled with one or two darkest damask roses, just to keep the black feather in countenance.



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|--|---------------------------------|
| 1 Fine Arts | 10 Marcoroma |
| 2 Ville de Paris | 11 Optical Pavilion |
| 3 Monumental Gateway | 12 Science, Literature and Arts |
| 4 Alexander III. Bridge | 13 Eiffel Tower |
| 5 Esplanade des Invalides | 14 Gardens of the Champ de Mars |
| 6 Les Invalides | 15 Mechanics |
| 7 Agricultural and Alimentary Products | 16 Textile Fabrics |
| 8 Great Wheel | 17 Mines and Metallurgy |
| 9 Terrestrial Globe | 18 Pavilions of the Nations |



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| 19 Naval and Military | 24 Tunis |
| 20 Creusot | 25 La Belle Meuniere |
| 21 Moving Platform | 26 Algeria |
| 22 Navigation and Commerce | 27 British Colonies |
| 23 Jura Bridge | 28 Russia |
| 24 Sport | 29 Egypt |
| 25 Russian Alcoholic Pavilion | 30 Old Paris |
| 26 Vehicle | 31 Alma Bridge |
| 27 Trovadero Gardens | 32 Andalusia |

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION, 1900

DRAWN BY H. LANOS

A HOLIDAY IN GREECE—II.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY SYDNEY P. HALL

A Visit to a Wallach Camp

It was from Orchomenos that we set out on horseback to visit the Wallachs, who were encamped up in the hills some five or six miles away. Our chief, Mr. Wickes, rode a brown—bred by the Company—rather bigger than the rest of the ponies, which were grey, and seemed to me just about the size and character of those carved in the frieze of the Parthenon, though their manes were not "hogged" as of old. The mounting of the native saddles was attended with some excitement. Our ride was uneventful, and I myself was so "taken up" with my horse, who emulated the poses of his sculptured ancestry, that I did not notice surrounding objects until the crack of a rifle, and the singing of a bullet over the heads of two of us, warned us that we were in the neighbourhood of our attentive hosts. We crossed a gorge and dismounted in a semicircle of

like the crown on a Doge of Venice. The sons as yet were invisible, and the mother and daughters did the service, then stood like a herd of startled does in the dark of the tent. There was no table nor furniture indeed at all except a bunch of rifles hanging from the thatch. The fare was spread on a round slab of wood placed on the ground.

After coffee the sons were introduced—five sons or sons-in-law—and then, commanded by the chief, chanted the dirge of the Klephts. I did not like the music and I could not comprehend the words. Had I done so I must have been impressed, for they told of that "tragedy when the Klepht women, in 1803, after the final reduction of their tribe by Aly Pasha, dashed their infant children over the brow of the cliff, and then joining hands, and chanting the songs of their own dear mountains, formed a circling dance, at each recurring round of which an heroic victim hurled herself over the brink of the precipice into

decorated with a bandolier of coins just in this way. Mr. MacKendrick, one of the officers of the company, made a capital photograph of the Wallach family, which has greatly helped me in my drawings, and when this was done, we said good-bye, and remounted. Unsuspectingly we rode away, but the programme of our hosts was not yet complete. When we were involved in the difficulties of a steep defile they fired a *feu de joie* over our heads from the brink, and so "sent us off," not off our horses, happily, but in double quick time.

With the brilliant examples of Layard and Schliemann before him, who would not be an excavator if he might. There are, however, still some who shrink from disturbing a grave, although it may contain art treasures like the Tanagra figurines, or even the treasures of Mycenae, and add enormously to our historical knowledge. As such romantic views are better expressed in verse than in sober prose I add the following lines:—



THE FEU DE JOIE ON THE DEPARTURE OF OUR ARTIST FROM THE WALLACH CAMP
SPEEDING THE PARTING GUEST

gigantic beehives made of reeds, the tents or tepes or wigwams of the Wallachs. The "Molossian" hounds that would infallibly have attacked us had been removed to a safe distance. The chief, whose name was Kolobos, a noble-looking old man clad in white, and like an Albanian, "kirtled to the knee," shook us by the hand very warmly, and ushered us into his own beehive (or flea-hive), where we were to partake of refreshments. He could not, he said apo'getically, supply us with a lamb roasted whole, as there were no lambs born at present. I forget the viands except one, which I shall ever remember, not because I tasted it myself, but because I remarked the effects it had on the agonised face of one of our party. It was "goaty," she said. But the wine, which was good, and the coffee, which was excellent, I remember. Our host alone joined us. We sat on a somewhat raised divan of rugs which ran round the tent, but he squatted on the ground.

Nevertheless he was full of dignity, and his cap, which some might have irreverently called a nightcap, sat on him

the dark gulf beneath. When the Turk had reached the summit his prey was beyond his grasp." (Bowen's "Mount Athos," 217.)

We could not see the Wallach ladies until we got out into the daylight again, and then we were struck with the marvels of the bridal costume which two of them wore. It was the national dress—the dress that the Wallachs brought from the Danube in the Middle Ages. The skirts, unlike that of the Greeks and Albanians, are full and plaited, and seemed suspended from below the hips, but what was most remarkable was the number of chains, metal plaques, &c., which covered both skirt and corset. "The unmarried (Wallach) girls," says Bowen, "carry their whole fortune as they amass it in gold and silver coins of many ages, and of almost all countries, braided in their hair, or fastened in rows on their head-dresses or breasts. . . . A lover has the advantage of being able to reckon up the dowry as well as the charms of his fair one before he proposes to her." The little grandson of the chief, and his pride, was

ON A LACRIMARY TAKEN FROM A GRAVE IN OLD LIVADIA (LEBADEIA)

THOUSANDS of busy years with silent tread
Have passed unheeded since the tears were shed,
That filled this tear-vase offered up as token
Of a fond heart that pined or—was broken.
And a whole city has fallen, and falling spread
A thicker pall of ruin o'er the dead
Who lay entombed where jagged Helicon
Stood wrapt in purple by the setting sun,
And huge Parnassus, veiled in amber mist,
Glowed like a mass of precious amethyst.
Ah, Lethe, thou whose bubbling fountain laves
The very mound that treasures up the graves,
Where are thy promises of endless rest,
With all the calm of sweet oblivion blest,
For those who drank thy waters? They are vain!
Thou canst not give thy slumberers sleep again;
When they who trip and trot around the globe,
The foreign horde, who pick and pry and probe,
Shall dare to violate with hireling spade
The sacred tomb still haunted by its shade,
To find—this vase, a drachma hid between
Some scattered teeth, and one poor figurine.



THE CHIEF IOLOPCS ENTERTAINING MR. H. WICKES (MANAGER OF THE COPAIS LAKE COMPANY'S WORKS) AND PARTY IN HIS CAMP NEAR ORCHOMENOS, AND INTRODUCING HIS FOUR SONS, WHO SANG THE DIRGE OF THE KLEPHTS

A VISIT TO LAKE COPAIS, BEOTIA: WALLACH HOSPITALITY

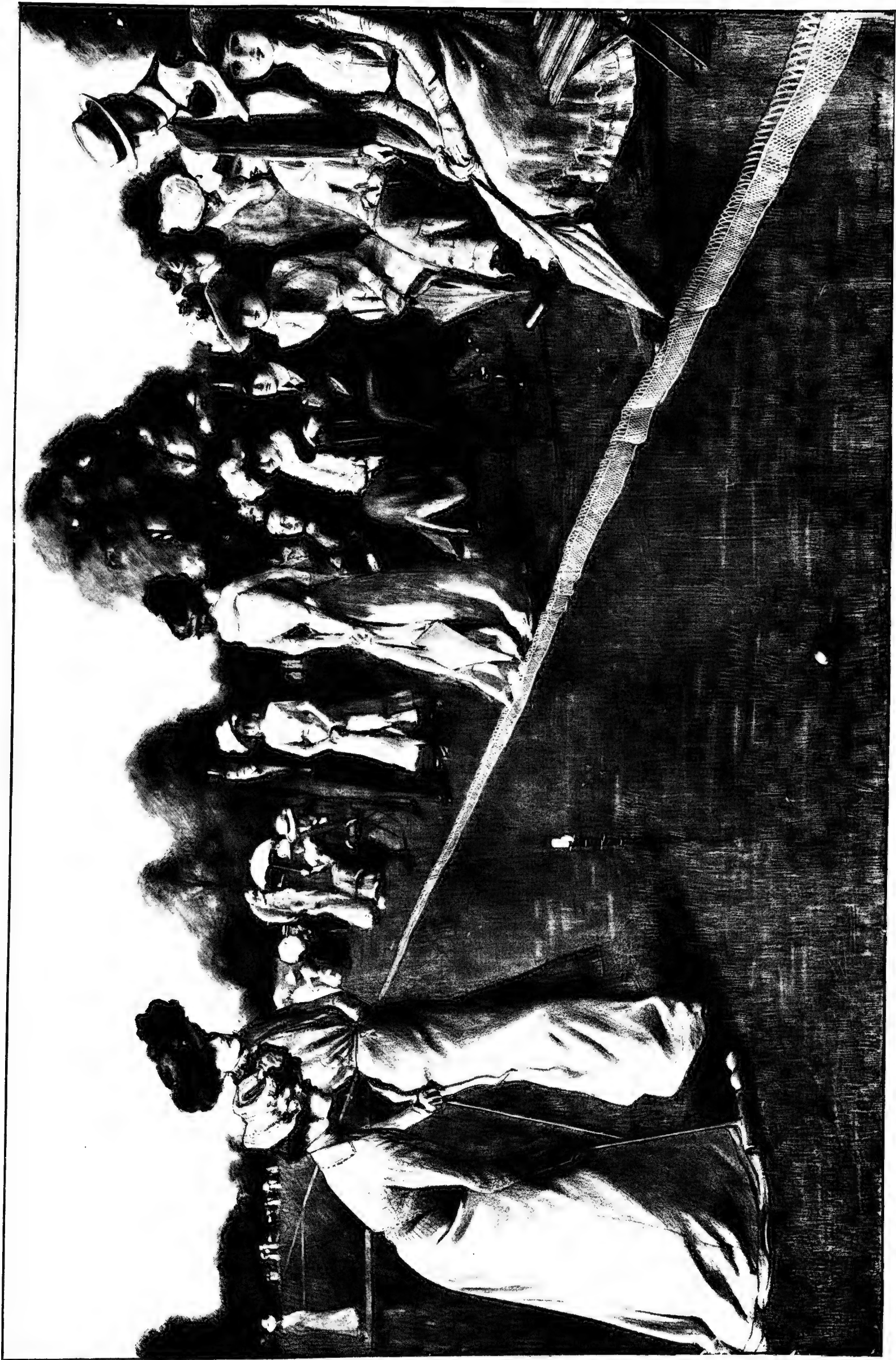


Sydney P. Hall

ARCHEOLOGISTS HUNTING FOR FIGURINES IN BEOTIA

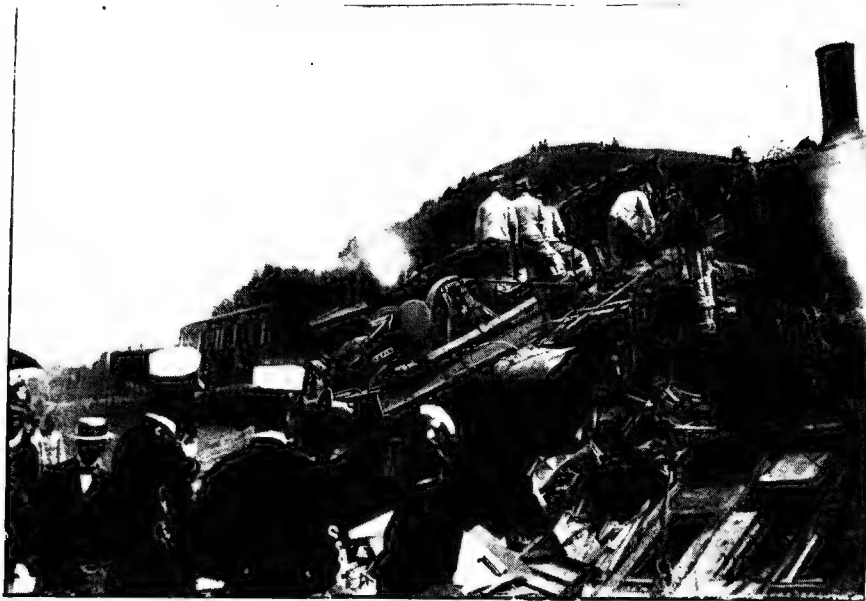
A HOLIDAY IN GREECE: ON THE VERGE OF A DISCOVERY

DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL



THE REVIVAL OF CROQUET: A LADIES' TOURNAMENT AT SHEEN HOUSE CLUB

DRAWN BY BAILLIOL SALMON



CLEARING THE WRECKAGE



THE SCENE NEXT MORNING

A disastrous railway collision took place last week, near the Salaria Bridge, a few miles from Rome. The night train for Florence, which leaves the terminus a few minutes after eleven, was about a quarter of an hour late in starting, owing to the crowd of travellers. It appears also that it left the station with a defective brake, which caused a sudden standstill on a curve in proximity to the little station at Castel

Giubileo. The train to Ancona, which, as far as it goes, keeps to the same line, and which should have been following at an interval of twenty minutes, dashed with tremendous impetus into its disabled predecessor, utterly wrecking the hindmost carriages. Fifteen passengers were killed on the spot, and about one hundred were more or less seriously injured. Our photographs are by S. N. Vansittart, Rome

THE RAILWAY DISASTER NEAR ROME

The Court

It is now settled that the date of the Queen's departure from Osborne for Balmoral is to be the 31st inst. While Her Majesty is staying at her Highland home there are to be no gaieties of any sort. Even the famous Braemar gathering will be foregone. In the meantime at Osborne there are signs of the breaking up of the family gathering. Last week saw the last large Royal dinner party, when there dined with Her Majesty the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Louise, Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duke and Duchess of York, Princess Victoria of Wales, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. Life at Osborne has been so quiet that there is but little to record. The customary afternoon drive which Her Majesty enjoys so much was last Saturday varied by a visit to the Empress Eugénie on board her yacht *Thistle* at Trinity Pier. The Queen, who was accompanied by Princess Christian and Princess Henry of Battenberg, at the conclusion of the visit went for a short cruise in the Solent on board the Royal yacht *Alberta*.

The Prince and Princess of Wales arrived at Marlborough House from the Royal Yacht *Osborne* at Cowes on Tuesday, and reached town early enough to entertain Prince Louis of Battenberg to lunch. On Wednesday their Royal Highnesses, who were accompanied by Princess Victoria of Wales, left Marlborough House for Harwich, where they embarked on the Royal Yacht *Osborne* for the Hook of Holland, en route for Germany. The Prince of Wales is expected to go to Balmoral about the end of September, and later he will make a short stay at Mar Lodge. The Duchess of York is this week paying a private visit to Lord and Lady Barnard at Raby Castle, where she will stay until Monday, when her Royal Highness is expected to be the guest of Sir Richard and Lady Musgrove. Later the Duke and Duchess of York will probably meet the Prince of Wales at Mar Lodge.

Princess Christian's visit to Netley Hospital last week gave great pleasure to the invalided men from South Africa. The Princess, who was accompanied by her daughter, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, was received by Colonel Creagh and Lieutenant-Colonel Webb. At the Queen's entrance to the hospital Miss Norman, the lady superintendent, awaited the Royal visitors. On being shown round the wards the Princesses handed to each of the sick and wounded soldiers from South Africa a bunch of lovely flowers, gathered in the Osborne conservatories. These were highly prized by the soldiers, especially as it was explained to them that they were sent by the special desire of the Queen.

Princess Henry of Battenberg last week paid a visit to the annual flower show held in the grounds of Whippingham Rectory, near Osborne, the exhibitors at which are mostly resident on the Queen's estate.

The Duke of Connaught, in his capacity as Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, visited Limerick last week to inspect the garrison. He and his Staff lunched with Sir H. A. W. Johnson, the lieutenant-colonel commanding the 1st King's Own (Yorkshire Light Infantry) and the officers of the garrison before leaving for Dublin. There has been some talk lately of the Duke succeeding to the Commandership-in-Chief on the completion of Lord Wolseley's term of office. It is understood that Lord Roberts, if his health will permit, will in the natural course of events succeed to the high office. But in the event of his failing, there is no doubt that the Duke of Connaught's appointment would be popular.

Princess Louise and the Duke of Argyll have arrived at Kensington Palace from Osborne. The Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who is still at Rosenau, is deeply touched by the kind expressions of condolence which have reached her from all quarters of the world on the sad death of her husband, and has found it impossible to acknowledge each one individually. Her Royal Highness has therefore returned her heartfelt thanks for the sympathy she has received by a notification published in the newspapers.

The young Duke of Coburg has returned to his studies at Potsdam, and has been joined there by his mother, the Duchess of Albany, and his sister, Princess Alice. He will spend his holidays in Coburg in order that he may be among his people as much as possible.



DRAWN BY J. J. WAUGH

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. BIANCHINI

On the evening after the ceremony in the Senate, where the King of Italy had taken the oath of the Constitution, an imposing procession, consisting of about a hundred associations of Rome and other parts of Italy, followed by an enormous crowd, proceeded to the Quirinal, where there was a great demonstration of loyalty to the new King. The windows were illuminated all along the route of the procession. The King and Queen, amid hearty cheers, appeared twice on the balcony to thank the people for their loyal demonstrations.

"LONG LIVE THE KING!": THE DEMONSTRATION AT THE QUIRINAL



DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE, R. L.

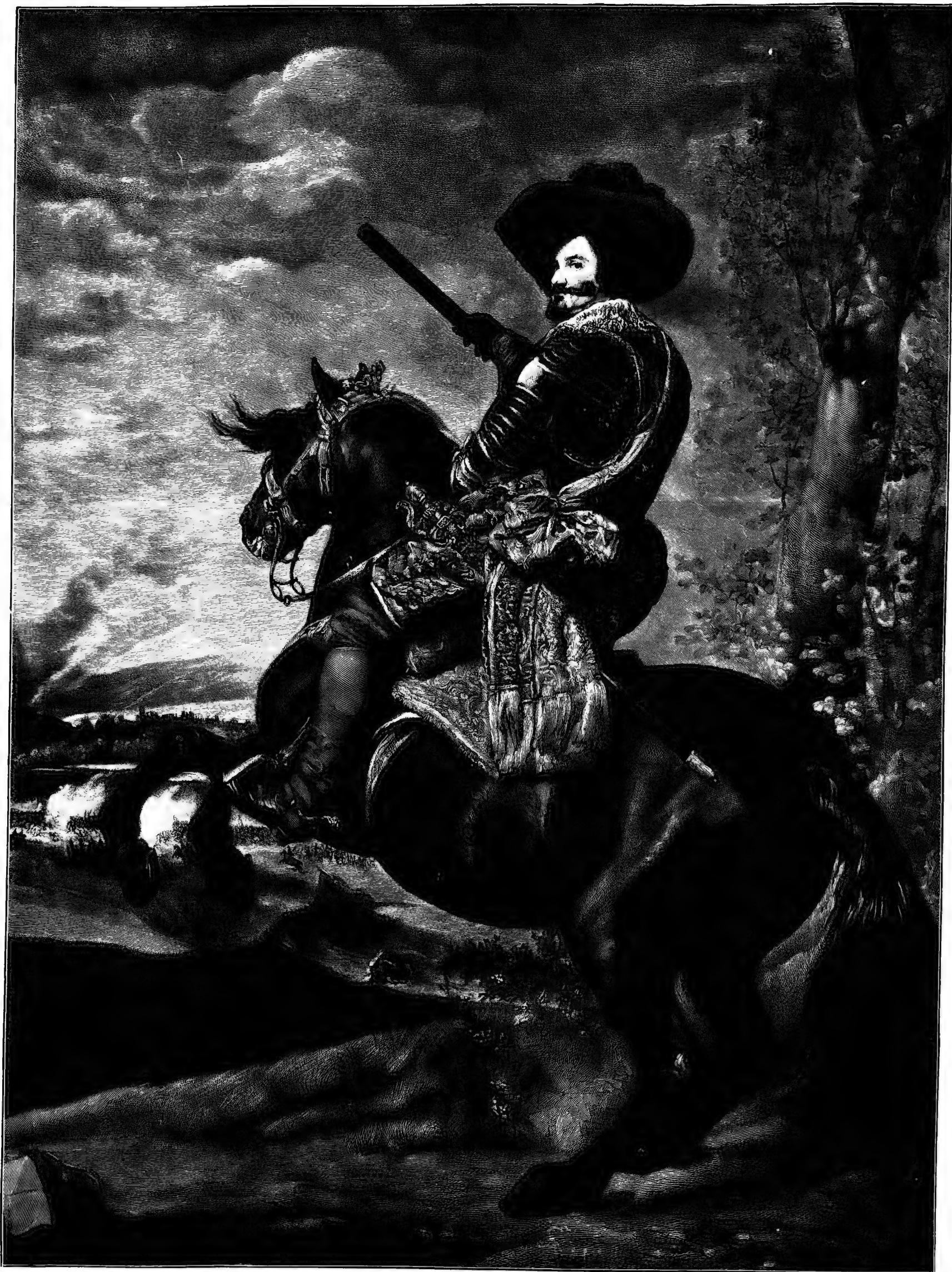
Immediately on being informed of the disastrous railway collision, which occurred near the Salario Bridge, about 1 1/2 miles from Rome, the King and Queen proceeded to the scene of the accident. Among the passengers in the train were the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess

Peter of Russia (the Queen Helena's sister) who fortunately escaped uninjured. The King and Queen and their Royal relatives devoted themselves to the work of rescue. Among the injured was a young girl of seventeen, to whom the Queen especially devoted herself; the case

touching her Majesty deeply. Queen Helena, with her sister, returned to the Quirinal at four in the morning, but the King and the Grand Duke remained until six assisting in the work of rescue, even making their way underneath the wrecked carriages

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. BIANCHI

WINNING THE HEARTS OF THEIR PEOPLE: THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY AT THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER NEAR ROME



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9 6 by 6 0 .. 3 6 0	11 10 by 9 5 .. 6 10 0		
8 7 by 7 0 .. 3 10 0	12 2 by 9 1 .. 7 2 0		
8 10 by 7 1 .. 3 13 0	11 10 by 9 10 .. 7 3 0		
9 5 by 7 3 .. 4 4 0	12 11 by 9 6 .. 7 4 0		
10 4 by 7 5 .. 4 14 0	12 4 by 10 7 .. 7 11 0		
10 4 by 7 7 .. 5 0 0	12 11 by 10 2 .. 7 14 0		
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12 2 by 6 11 .. 5 3 0	13 11 by 10 1 .. 9 0 0		
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Obituary



THE LATE COLONEL THE HON. E. LEGGE
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became Colonial
Secretary of Western
Australia. In 1888
he acted as Govern-
or of Western
Australia for a time
during the absence
of Sir F. Napier
Broome. From
December, 1889, to
October, 1890, he
again acted as
Governor during the
absence of Sir
William Robinson.
He came to England
at the beginning of
1891, and was
appointed the first
Agent-General in
London for the
Colony. Sir Malcolm
Fraser was made
C.M.G. in 1881, and
K.C.M.G. in 1887. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.



THE LATE SIR MALCOLM FRASER
First Agent-General for West Australia

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

THE "Reign of Terror" is at hand in Whitehall! A first-class clerk in a Government office was once a man who was to be much envied. He owed his appointment to patronage, and the same influence, together with time, gradually raised him to the higher and best-paid posts in the Department. He strolled to the office late in the day and left it early; he worked little, derived considerable honour from his connection with the public service, and eventually retired with a substantial pension. It is only just to add that those days have long since gone, though the outside world cannot be made to understand that the average Government clerk of to-day is an altogether different individual. He may be incompetent, but he is not idle.

Almost every Government Office has been reorganised, not once only, but several times during the past quarter of a century, but the changes have only affected the surface. Recent events have aroused the leading politicians of every Party, and one and all are convinced that the system itself must be remodelled. Patronage must be removed, and promotion must be governed, not by seniority, but by merit. The permanent officials in Whitehall are aghast at the prospect, and that is not to be wondered at. The office was to them an offshoot of the club; they spent the day at the former and their evenings at the latter. To be torn away from the habits of a lifetime, to be branded as incompetent, and to be compelled to retire on a diminished pension from that which they expected to secure are evils which even the practical philosopher would deplore.

There are those who maintain that Civil Service clerks are able to exercise undue influence. Thus a naval officer is, more or less, at the mercy of an insignificant clerk at Whitehall, who may possibly so influence matters as to spoil the career of the former. It is the same as regards the Army and the Diplomatic Service. Should an officer become personally distasteful to a War Office clerk, or a Diplomatist to a Foreign Office clerk, the one and the other may at some time in their career have to suffer in consequence. That is obviously intolerable. It is the sailor and the soldier who fight our battles, not the Civil Service clerks.

Year after year one subject is revived in the newspapers and in the smoking-rooms at country houses, but, though most experienced sportsmen hold the same views about it, the custom is retained. It seems indefensible that a guest should have to give a fee to the gamekeeper of his host, and it should be remembered that the sum frequently is as much as five pounds.

When a man engages a keeper, he expects him to attend to his guests, and, therefore, the keeper is only doing his duty in providing him with good sport. Why then should he expect to be remunerated otherwise? The answer to this is that he can make his disappointment to be felt very seriously if he is not generously treated—which is another way of saying that he may blackmail the guests of his master! Any gamekeeper suspected of such conduct

should be at once discharged. All fees to the servants at private houses are objectionable, and no host should allow his guests to pay for being attended to in his house. Unfortunately there are hosts who hold out these fees as a bait for obtaining servants at a lower wage.

"English Nell"

By W. MOY THOMAS

THE new play in four acts which Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Edward Rose have fashioned out of the former writer's novel, "Simon Dale," and brought out at the PRINCE OF WALES'S Theatre, does not greatly thrill and excite. The adaptors have, in fact, cut out of the story its more exciting elements; but it is very pleasing, both to eye and ear, and it awakens an interest in its leading personages which goes on increasing from Act I. till the curtain drops upon the simple dénouement. *English Nell* will probably be objected to by those who are critically inclined on the ground that its hero, the young country gentleman with his temporary infatuation for the fascinating Nell Gwyn, which provokes the just resentment of his charming predestined bride, Barbara Quinton, is all too undecided a personage to enlist the full sympathies of the spectator. The story of the recovery of Simon from the glamour of the charms of the bewitching actress and ex-orange girl, and the generous efforts of Nell herself to bring about the reconciliation and happy union of Simon and Barbara is, nevertheless, made fairly interesting, while the scenes at the Court of King Charles II., in which Nell is always a prominent figure, are bright, picturesque and amusing. It is more than doubtful whether the Merry Monarch has ever before been presented on the stage so pleasingly, yet with so scrupulous a regard to historical warrant. The wit encounters with Rochester, the humorous cynicism, and the easy *bonhomie* of the Monarch, who, according to Rochester's satirical lines, "Never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one," are all reflected in the adaptors' clever dialogue, and the highest praise is due to Mr. Frank Cooper for the unobtrusive manner with which he has brought out all the lights and shades of the portrait. Miss Marie Tempest, who, on this occasion, forsakes the light operatic vein for that of comedy, is not less fortunate in her impersonation of Nelly with her mordant humour, her wilful waywardness, her saucy tongue and her boundless good nature. If Nelly is a somewhat more refined person than history has represented her, we hear at least of some of those less polite sallies with which she is credited, and her historical speech to the crowd from the window of the inn at Canterbury has certainly a suggestion of the pert and not too squeamish orange girl. Mr. Ben Webster in gay costumes of the period makes a very presentable, and withal a very spirited, Simon, and the piece gains much from the grace, distinction, and pleasing tenderness of Miss Lily Hanbury's Barbara Quinton.

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VIENNE ... 1873	MEDAILLE D'HONNEUR.	LONDRES ... 1884	MEDAILLE D'OR.
VIENNE ... 1873	MEDAILLE D'HONNEUR.	LONDRES ... 1886	MEDAILLE D'HONNEUR.
LONDRES ... 1873	MEDAILLE D'HONNEUR.	LIVERPOOL ... 1886-7	MEDAILLE D'OR.
LONDRES ... 1874	MEDAILLE D'HONNEUR.	ADELAIDE ... 1887	DIPLOME D'HONNEUR (PREMIER).
LONDRES ... 1874	MEDAILLE D'HONNEUR.	CHICAGO ... 1893	DEUX DIPLOMES
LEEDS ... 1875	MEDAILLE D'HONNEUR.	CHICAGO ... 1893	MEDAILLE D'HONNEUR.
PHILADELPHIA ... 1876	DIPLOME D'HONNEUR.	BRUXELLES ... 1897	MEDAILLE D'OR.
PARIS ... 1878	MEDAILLE D'OR.		
PARIS ... 1878	MEDAILLE D'OR.		

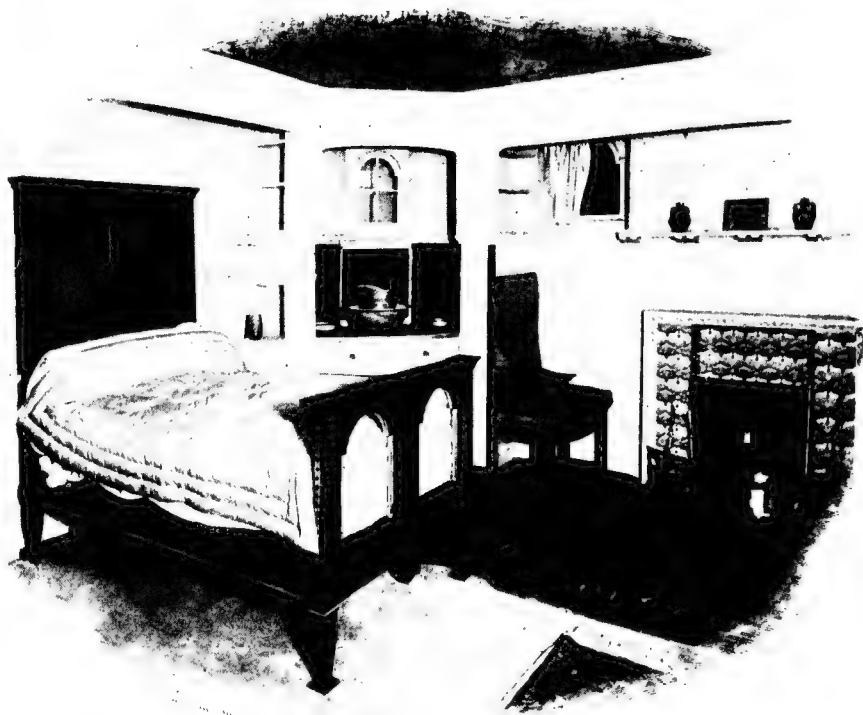
To these must now be added the brilliant double triumph of Paris, 1900. In addition to the Grand Prix awarded to the firm the jury conferred a Gold Medal on Mr. F. Murray, and Silver Medals on Messrs. Russell, Durand, Collinson, and Noble, of the studio of design.

It must be recollected that the latest awards are made chiefly in connection with

competitive exhibits. Had it been within the province of the juries to take into consideration the splendid decoration of the Royal British Pavilion done by Waring and Gillow, they would, no doubt, have found great difficulty in doing full justice to so brilliant an achievement as this reproduction of an old Elizabethan Manor House. The principal rooms at the Pavilion have attracted world-wide interest on account of the fidelity of the spirit in which the treatment has been carried out, and the superb quality of the work. They have been thronged every day with admiring crowds, who have been thus brought into intimate acquaintance with the interior schemes of decoration of the sixteenth century as preserved in a few of the old English mansions. The judgment of the tribunal was, however, largely determined by Waring and Gillow's specimen suite of rooms in the Exhibition itself, and it has been officially determined that, both in regard to furniture and decoration, they so far transcend everything in the Exhibition, although all the principal countries were competitors, as to be worthy the very special, indeed supreme, distinction which has been accorded.

The sections dealt with in these adjudications were subjected by the jurors to the most exacting inspection. Every quality was taken into account. They were not satisfied with the artistic treatment unless the workmanship was of the finest kind. Every drawer had to run smoothly, every lock had to work easily; the joinery of the cabinet-work was submitted to the most rigorous tests. It is quite certain that these high honours would not have been conferred on any firm unless it had satisfied the jurors in every particular. The different points to which their consideration had to be given were design, workmanship, stability, and economy. In the non-competitive work which Waring and Gillow carried out in the British Royal Pavilion they showed what could be realised in the higher achievements of decorative art; but in the suite of specimen rooms which formed the chief part of their competitive exhibit, they had to illustrate that union of art with inexpensiveness and comfort which alone can place any manufacturing firm at the head of its class.

Waring and Gillow may legitimately consider that this distinction is the crowning episode in a career which has been characterised from the outset by an ambition to bring the application of decorative art into the average home. Waring and Gillow have laboured long and consistently to effect this end. They first devoted themselves to the establishment of what was virtually a new school applying to the recognised historical styles novelty, and in some cases quaintness, of treatment, while always keeping in view the important principle of utility. Having secured for this school the enthusiastic recognition of lovers of art, they next approached the problem of popularising

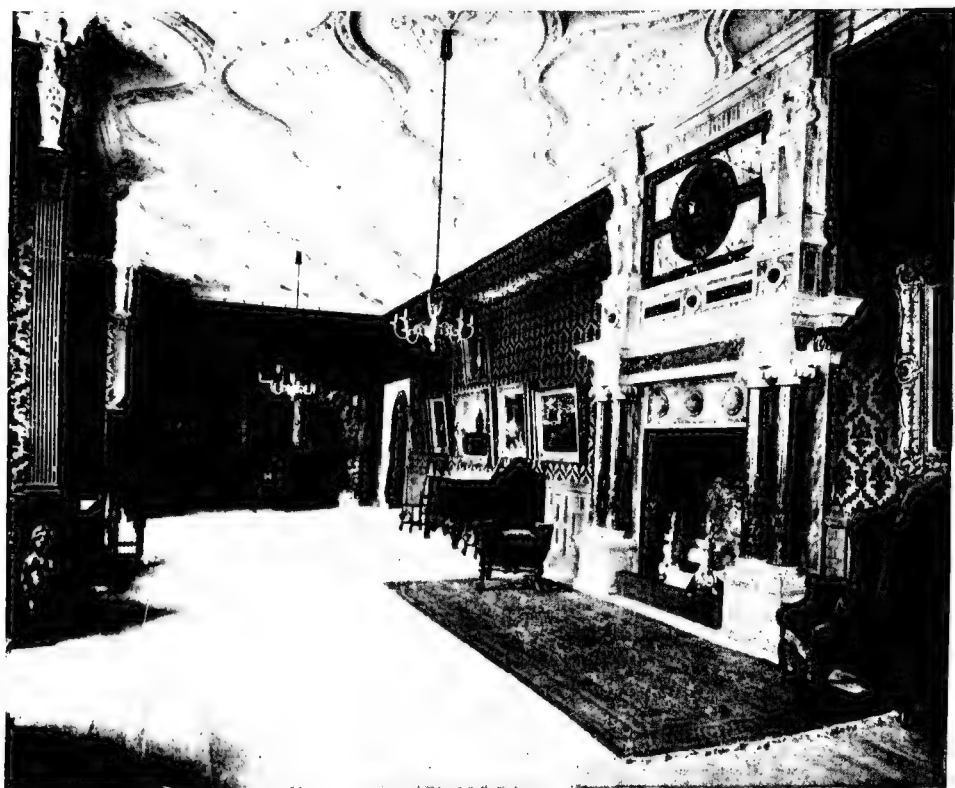


THE ART NOUVEAU NURSERY IN WARINGS' EXHIBIT

their ideas by the most effective method of cheap prices. The English public were soon made acquainted with the fact that the new English Renaissance was not necessarily a matter of costly outlay. This "note" has been emphasised in the Paris exhibit, and it is a perfectly fair inference that the jury who adjudicated upon the merits of the designs were struck by the fact that they were based on an estimate of expenditure which might be properly associated with the middle-class home. It may be pointed out in this connection that Waring and Gillow are able to produce high-class work at moderate prices because they possess large mechanical and other resources. In their immense factories at Lancaster, Liverpool, and Hammersmith, equipped with the newest machinery, they have the facilities for turning out the best quality of work with great rapidity, and at a cost which is only possible in the case of a great manufacturing organisation. The specimen rooms at Paris furnish illustrations of many different branches of Waring and Gillow's workmanship. The modelled plaster ceilings, the panelled woodwork, the charming examples of textile art, and the beautiful pieces of furniture are examples of what can be done by an enterprising firm in the way of relatively cheap production.

This comprehensiveness of scope is one of the most important features in connection with the firm. It enables them to control every part of the execution, and to ensure a complete harmony of treatment. Such harmony is one of the conspicuous qualities of the Paris exhibit, and has elicited the admiration of the leading art critics and connoisseurs. The same qualities of execution and design are shown in Waring and Gillow's hotel, club, office, and other decoration. They have recently fitted up the offices of the White Star S.S. Company, in Cockspur Street, in a manner which has elicited warm approval. These new offices are, indeed, in their refined and dignified decoration, quite worthy of the great Company under whose instructions they were carried out.

The name of Waring and Gillow is, of course, associated with great public edifices, with the decoration of magnificent hotels, châteaux and mansions; but, if we leave on one side the firm's work in the Royal Pavilion, the Exhibition award has been gained by an appeal to the general and less affluent public. People are taught how to furnish, and to very many of them the lesson is absolutely new. The charming Morning Room, the Jacobean Dining-Room, with its note of dignified comfort, the daintily fitted bedroom in the Sheraton style, are, to the great majority of Parisians and Continental visitors to Paris, an entirely novel experience. It is gratifying to find that an English firm has led the way with an unflinching step in this direction; it is still more gratifying to find that the official juries have been prompt and generous in their recognition of it.



THE LONG GALLERY AT THE BRITISH PAVILION, DECORATED BY WARINGS

"Russia Against India"

ONLY recently, in "The 'Overland' to China," Mr. Colquhoun traced Russia's expansion eastwards to the borderlands of China and the growth of Russian influence in the Far East. In "Russia Against India" (Harpers), which may be described as a companion volume to the former, Mr. Colquhoun does the same for Central Asia, the other great sphere of Russian activity. The author's aim, as he puts it, is "to arouse sufficient interest to induce others to make a study of the Central Asian question for themselves, and decide in their own minds whether or no it is desirable that the Anglo-Saxon race should be worsted in the 'Struggle for Asia!'" Towards this end he describes the country and people of Central Asia, and traces step by step their gradual absorption by Russia—at a trifling sacrifice of either blood or treasure—until she has almost reached Herat, "the key to India." In separate chapters he deals with Persia and Afghanistan, the only countries which have not as yet come under the Russian yoke, and passes on to a review of the British rule in India, its weaknesses and limitations, and that country's means of defence against invasion from the North.

Briefly stated, Mr. Colquhoun's belief is that sooner or later we must vindicate our title to India by force of arms, and that while Russia has long been preparing for the coming conflict we have done little or nothing in this direction. The time has gone by when such views could be termed alarmist; indeed, after the warnings of Lord Dufferin, Lord Roberts and many other Anglo-Indian statesmen and soldiers, the menace to India of Russian aggression is now generally recognised, though opinions differ as to how the danger should be met. The author holds that India must be defended in Afghanistan.

The true defence of the British Indian Empire is to preserve Afghanistan and Beluchistan as real barriers, which can only be done by developing and extending communications to Kabul, Kandahar, and Seistan. There is no alternative. The policy of passive resistance should be at once abandoned in favour of an active scheme, which would embrace the domination of Kabul, Ghazni, and Kandahar, the establishment of outposts in the Hindu Kush, and the power to advance still farther towards Seistan and Herat should circumstances require.

In a word, we must adopt the methods of Russia herself, whose movements towards India have been likened by Sir Henry Rawlinson "to the operations of an army opening parallels against a beleaguered fortress."

In a noteworthy passage Mr. Colquhoun describes Russia's conquest of Asia by railways, and asks whether there is no danger to all Europe in this constant extension of dominion and growing control of the world's highways.

If, however, India is beset by dangers from without, she is also menaced from within, and the author makes some trenchant observations on over taxation, the tendency towards bureaucracy or "the paper-rule system," the lack of sympathy between officials and people, and the injudicious attempts to prematurely force on the country western ideas and institutions. Internal reforms are, therefore, necessary, and must be carried out hand in hand with the measures needed for the effective defence of our Indian Empire.

The book is accompanied by several good maps showing at a glance the successive advances of Russia in Asia, in pursuance of a policy which the flight of centuries neither changes nor arrests. The inexorable character of that policy is well brought out in this,

Mr. Colquhoun's latest contribution to the elucidation of the problems that face us in Asia, and, despite its somewhat controversial style, the book contains much matter for serious consideration.

New Novels

"THE TEMPTATION OF OLIVE LATIMER"

It is difficult to work up much sympathy with the rather feeble set of persons who sustain the action of Mrs. L. T. Meade's "The Temptation of Olive Latimer" (Hutchinson and Co.). The temptation to which Olive succumbed was to marry the excellent and prosperous medical man, who loved her and whom she loved, without letting him know that her father was in difficulties. She acted from the best of motives—so far as anybody in the story can be said to possess anything so decided; but, unhappily, anything in the nature of deceit was the one thing that her husband could not pardon. That he does nevertheless pardon it is, of course, entirely natural. We somehow fancy that the authoress started with some indecision of her own as to the nature of her plot; the heroine's having "passed her Tripos" at Newnham is of no consequence, and leads to nothing. The most marked, and certainly the newest, character in the story is Olive's little sister Hester, who at the age of fifteen beards a publisher in his den with a novel entitled "Love's Agony." The publisher, though interested in his client, nevertheless adhered to his "firm resolve not to publish the works of immature writers"—at which, judging from a large proportion of current fiction, we are just a little surprised.

"LYONA GRIMWOOD; SPINSTER"

L. Higgin's "Lyona Grimwood; Spinster" (C. Arthur Pearson), is an entertaining sort of old-fashioned story, in which the plot is everything, and the characters of no consequence at all. The disappearance of a reputed corpse, a successful escape from Dartmoor, and the weaving of a complete rope of coincidences round the neck of a supposed murderer, are all flawlessly connected, and nicely calculated to keep the reader on comfortable tenterhooks until the end. It is just a well-constructed story, and quite succeeds in its aim to be nothing more.

"A SECOND COMING"

Under the title of "A Second Coming" (Grant Richards), Mr. Richard Marsh attempts to describe a visit of Christ to London. It need not be said that to attempt was to fail; and thus it is the more due to the over-rash author that his inevitable failure is not in the slightest degree more complete than his unquestionable excellence of intention.

"NUDE SOULS"

A perusal of Mr. Benjamin Swift's novel (William Heinemann) makes one all the more appreciate Hamlet's preference for a man who does not wear his heart upon his sleeve for daws, or novelists, to peck at. Life would not be livable if people let themselves go in the style of the extraordinary psychological menagerie collected in the little Sussex village of Eight Bells. A short catalogue of its items will suggest complications. A high-spirited young earl and

his straight-laced mother, whom, when she objects to any of his proceedings, he calls a canting hypocrite, and threatens to turn out of doors; a sneaking secretary; an ex-shopkeeper who had saved himself from a tribe of Australian cannibals by making over his wife to their chief, and on his return to England had been hired to marry the mistress of the young earl's late father; a gigantic infidel doctor, the father of the shopkeeper's first wife, who haunts his son-in-law, like an avenging nightmare, into his grave; the doctor's blind niece, who, while passionately in love with and beloved by the earl, allows herself, under altogether inexplicable circumstances, to be betrayed by the secretary—all these combine to work out a tragedy so very tragic that none, save the earl's mother and the doctor, are left alive. The style is of the sort that allows the emotions the fullest possible play, supposing a number of souls to be denuded of all elements save crude instinct and its unrestrained expression. The result has some of the interest of an anatomical demonstration, and would have been more interesting had not the demonstrator chosen to ignore so important an organ of human nature as the human brain.

"THE MAGIC WORD"

Anything that an author likes to imagine is conventionally permissible in a South American Republic, so that Miss Constance Smith merits grateful thanks for not having gone much, it at all, beyond the edges of likelihood in "The Magic Word" (Isbister and Co.). A good many true bits of such history are far more like fiction than her romance. To enter into the incidents is unnecessary; it is enough to say that the novel contains enough plot for twice its length, and rejoices in a heroine of pluck and resource enough for any ordinary three. One fails to care much for any of the persons of the story—even for her; but their adventures are fresh enough to make one care with a satisfactory amount of interest about what happens.

"THE CHICAMON STONE"

Novel readers who cannot dispense with what is known as "feminine interest" will do well not to venture upon Clive Phillips-Wolley "The Chicamon Stone" (Smith, Elder and Co.). It is as free as Mount Athos from anything feminine. It is devoted entirely to the perils which nature has provided for adventurers in Alaska all ready-made, artificially improved by Indian ingenuity, and perfected by the civilising agency of gold fever. The experiences of the anonymous narrator, wild as they are, carry more conviction than many a tamer tale; and the author has many of the highest qualities of the landscape painter in words. Indeed, he has had to find for himself suitable word-colour for his desolate scenes without the grandeur of desolation, corresponding to his chronicle of heroic acts without one touch of the spirit of heroism. The result is thoroughly interesting and exciting, and if it makes the reader long now and again for a release from such scenes and such people, that is because it makes him feel that he is really there.

"THE CROWNING OF GLORIA"

There is a certain youthful luxuriance about "The Crowning of Gloria," by Richard Reardon (John Long) of the sort which has been known to bear good fruit after a course of lopping and pruning. Meanwhile its young people do such exceedingly unexpected things, in such very odd ways, that they are apt to be even more amusing than is probably intended. That is something—especially when there is really nothing else to say.

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Promenade Concerts

THE season of Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall will commence to-night (Saturday). It is again, of course, under the direction of Mr. Robert Newman, and under the conductorship of Mr. Wood, the Queen's Hall orchestra taking part. Also from time to time popular vocalists and eminent and other solo instrumentalists will be engaged. The season will extend over ten weeks, and most of the programmes will, as to the first part, be arranged as ordinary Classical Concerts, the second portion, however, being of a more miscellaneous character. A few changes, doubtless improvements, have taken place during the recess in the Queen's Hall orchestra, notably as to the engagement of Mr. Belinski and other members of the Crystal Palace band, and of M. Fonteyne, an oboe player, from Brussels. The Queen's Hall wind is now especially fine. The opening programme will include works by Wagner, Mendelssohn, Moszkowski, Rossini, Berlioz, and others, so that it should suit all tastes, while during the season Mondays are to be set apart for Wagner, Wednesdays for Symphony, and Fridays for Beethoven programmes. On Tuesdays and Thursdays there will always be a concerto in the scheme, and the opportunity will be taken to try at these concerts several new aspirants to fame, either as vocalists or executants.

So much for the music. An important feature of these concerts, however, lies in the fact that the whole of the ground floor space of Queen's Hall is allotted to so-called promenaders, or, in other words, people who are willing to stand the whole night for the sake of hearing so excellent a band at the modest admission price of a shilling. If the promenades were seated the hall would not hold anything like the same number of people, and the concerts could not be given at all except at a loss. Those who wish to sit may be accommodated in the balcony at a couple of shillings, while there are more expensive reserved seats in the grand circle. The smoking question, which exercises at any rate the influential minority, has been tackled by setting apart a certain number of five-shilling seats for non-smokers. It seems that the Promenade Concerts are more than ever now being patronised by after-dinner folk who enjoy a smoke, while Queen's Hall is sufficiently large to obviate any real inconvenience to ladies and others who may object to tobacco.

Promenade Concerts have altered altogether in style since the time when they were first started by the Opera Band, who, finding themselves in the winter temporarily out of work, resolved to give a series of performances on the model instituted by



President Loubet and the Ministers on Saturday attended the ceremony of the distribution of awards in the Salle des Fêtes at the Exhibition. The hall was crowded with the successful exhibitors, who defiled past the President, each group headed by its national flag. The number of those present to witness the presentation ceremony exceeded 40,000. The ceremony began and ended with a musical performance exquisitely rendered. Our illustration is from a photograph by Léon Bouët

THE PARIS EXHIBITION: THE DISTRIBUTION OF AWARDS

Musard in Paris. This was in 1838, and although the Promenade Concerts have since gone through many vicissitudes, the general idea was until recently still the same. The Promenade Concerts were, perhaps, at their height, firstly, in the days of Jullien, that is to say in the forties and early fifties; again under the conductorship in the sixties of Alfred Mellon, and again in the seventies, when Sir Arthur Sullivan became conductor, and introduced for the first time at these popular entertainments the whole of the Symphonies of Beethoven. The Concerts afterwards degenerated, and the music became practically limited to flimsy dance pieces and *pot-pourris* of operas. They accordingly ceased to attract; but since Mr. Newman has again improved the programmes they bid fair to once more become popular.

MR. GERMAN'S "ENGLISH NELL" MUSIC

The happy custom, revived some years ago by Sir Henry Irving and Mr. Beerbohm Tree, of commissioning eminent British composers to write music expressly for their productions, has been followed by the management of the Prince of Wales Theatre, who have entrusted the music for *English Nell* to the capable hands of Mr. Edward German. That gentleman has very properly imparted an old English flavour to much of the music by the use of a last century tune, "Early One Morning," which was a prime favourite of the servant maids in the days of Nelson, and by the employment of old British dance forms. The ditty is sung in the pastoral scene of the first act, one verse by Miss Tempest and the other by Miss Lily Hanbury, while in the same act is a merry-making and dance, the tune of which, with a country dance and a pastoral dance, forms the first entr'acte. These dances, with a merry overture, in which the tune of the ditty "Early One Morning" also figures, will, eventually, doubtless form an orchestral suite for concert purposes. The music likewise comprises introductions to each act, themes for Nell and King Charles, and a barcarolle, which permeates the final act.

Madame Fanny Moody and Mr. Manners will start their provincial season of opera in English next Monday week, with a strong company, which, besides the manageress, includes Miss Lucille Hill. In the course of the season *La Juive* and *Tristan*, both of which the late Sir Augustus Harris introduced to the provinces, will be revived. Mr. Manners hopes also to establish a London season; but as this will, he says, depend upon the support of the wealthy classes, it can hardly be a matter of a few months, or possibly a few years hence.

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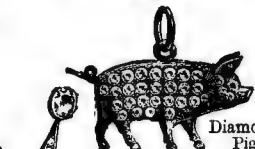


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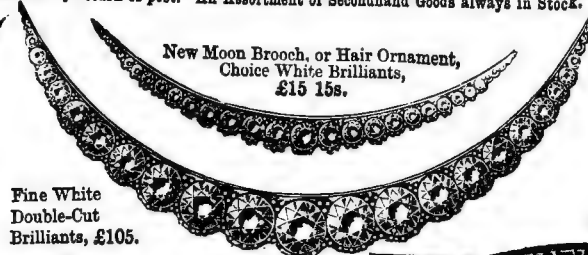


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The New Croquet

SOME one has said that fashion in games resembles a cask in which old games are flung pell-mell. Then, when the cask is full, it is turned upside down, and those at the bottom jump out at the top with all the freshness of novelty. But croquet has an experience different from that of any other game. In the sixties and seventies it had a success which is enshrined in Du Maurier's graceful drawings in *Punch*, and it has a place of honourable mention in Lord Beaconsfield's "Lothair." It had an unexampled success. It was played on every lawn—can you not see Du Maurier's pretty young women, less statuesque than in later years, croquetting an opponent's ball with the neatest display of well-shod feet, or leaning on a mallet and chatting to Captain Boisragon under the shadow of the yew, while the game goes on in distant corners?—it had its championships and its poets. Then suddenly it collapsed as utterly as a punctured tyre. For years people forgot it. Then, a few years ago, it revived, bloomed and spread as if it possessed all the charms of novelty, and, a crowning instance of Time's revenges, has now ousted lawn-tennis from the very lawns which it gave up to the usurper twenty years ago. It is like that romance of Egyptology, told by Professor Flinders Petrie, in which the New Race vanquished Egypt, became effeminate, were turned out, and then, after a couple of centuries' rehabilitation in the desert, once more came back to conquer.

But the game which has now resumed its sway on the graceful lawns of Sheen House and the shaven turf of Wimbledon is a very different game from that of which it is the successor. There are no yew tree flirtations in the present pastime, which is less a pastime than an exercise of chess-like precision. In the "Du Maurier" game—though we must admit that this was never the case at Wimbledon—the only way one became temporarily out of the game was by being croquetted into a flower-bed. But now the game, its field of play scientifically circumscribed, is played everywhere with the same precision, and as far as possible with the same rules. At Sheen House, where the surroundings are so charming, so much like one of Austin Dobson's old Georgian gardens that one cannot always realise the flight of time, the game to a distant spectator looks much as it must have done a generation ago, but a nearer inspection displays all sorts of differences. The central "cage," of course, disappeared from the tennis lawn long before the game disappeared altogether, but in the pre-revival championships of the seventies there were ten hoops, two in front of each peg and three on each flank of the ground. In the new game there are but six hoops, two on each flank so placed as to be flush with the pegs at either end of the ground, and two in a line between the pegs. The hoops have grown smaller, standing twelve inches out of the ground and being only four inches wide; the ground is thirty-five yards in length by twenty-eight yards in width, with a defined boundary; the distances between hoops and pegs are all rigorously defined; and the game, from its happy-go-lucky conditions of its golden age, has reached a stage of development in which every beginner is taught "openings," the "tee," the "third corner," the "shot direct," "breaks," and the like. As the hoops diminished in size the

mallets increased; but so far from becoming in consequence a man's game, its developments have been such that ladies can and do compete on equal terms; and one of the historic events of the present game was the defeat by Miss Lilly Gower, the Lady Champion, of Mr. Willis, the Champion of the United All-England Croquet Association, at Wimbledon. Here is a description, written at the time:—"The next morning witnessed the finest game of croquet ever witnessed at Wimbledon. Miss Gower ran away at first, and had two balls rovers when Mr. Willis got in and with the most difficult break ever played by him got round and put one of them out. He then worked round the other ball, making use of Miss Gower's remaining ball with brilliant audacity. Meanwhile, the best croquet shot in England was sending ball after ball within half an inch of the peg. It seemed just about to end, and 'Mr. Willis will be rover next time' was on the lips of all. But a day of surprises suddenly culminated. Plump into the middle of the stick came a well-aimed shot, and Miss Gower had secured both cups without losing a game." From which the intelligent reader will gather some of the intricacies as well as some of the charm of the new croquet.

Rural Notes

THE SEASON

HARVEST is proceeding rapidly, and the wheat cut, from the Channel coast to the East Anglian fens, probably amounts to one-half of the entire crop. North of the Wash the area cut is perhaps one-third. The new samples appearing at the market are not first-rate; their quality, condition, and weight all leave something to be desired. Barley-cutting has commenced in Suffolk, and a fairly good crop is expected off all the early-sown land. Unfortunately nine-tenths of this year's barley crop was late in the sowing and suffered much from the ungenial spring. We cannot therefore hope for a full crop of this cereal for the whole country. Oats benefited by the rains of early August, and while the yield in England will be rather under the mean Ireland and Scotland should have somewhat over average crops, and the yield for the entire United Kingdom be a full average.

A FIXED SITE FOR A BIG SHOW

It is stated on very fair authority that the Royal Agricultural Society have rejected both Mill Hill and Wembley Park in favour of Gunnersbury, where Lord Rothschild is stated to have offered to sell the Society a site of a hundred acres on very moderate terms. The soil, partly clay and partly gravel, is not unsatisfactory, but the railway journey from the City to Gunnersbury takes forty-three minutes, and if the choice of a London site is made at all something a little more central might well be looked for. There are suburbs of a very countrified character which are reached from London in less than half an hour. The R.A.S.E. would do well to make a hard and fast bargain with the railway before they buy a site, for their success or failure will be very largely in the railway's hands. The decision

of the Royal to fix their headquarters in the south is already bearing fruit in an important—though thus far private—movement to make York a fixed point of reunion for the twelve northern and northern-midland shires. The west and east have only to make similar concentrations for the French system of regional shows to be realised.

CAN SOILS BE STRENGTHENED?

Science answers "Yes," but what the farmer wants to know is whether the fertilisers will cost less than the selling value of the increased produce. Professor Percival is probably on the right tack when he urges that the best policy is to fertilise crop two by means of crop one, and that the growth of leguminous crops in advance of the growth of cereals is the course to take. This, after all, is very old advice, but the scientific investigations of the last decade have given fresh point to the observation. Pure cultures of nitragin, or the applications of artificially fixed nitrogen to the soil have proved to be failures, but Nature proverbially does nothing *per saltum*, and the crop, which itself fixes the nitrogen in the course of its growth, is not to be cut out by any rapider method.

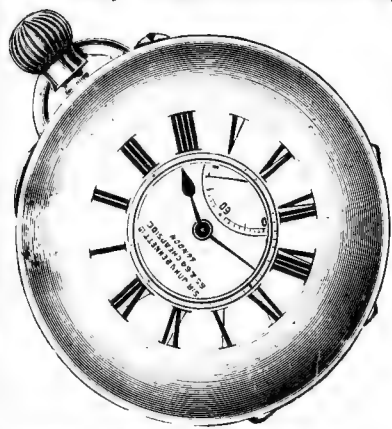
WHEAT STORES

That champion of Free Trade, Mr. Ricardo, advocated a duty of ten shillings per year on foreign wheat. The party of Protection, by resisting too long, lost all, and when we read of the Norfolk farmers opposing the Government because 70s. per quarter would not satisfy them, we feel very much as one may in contemplating the positions of Messrs. Steyn and Kruger in South Africa. To be absolutely unreasonable is to be in the end absolutely unfortunate. Now the duty on wheat has been swept away altogether its re-imposition, run on the lines of Mr. Ricardo, would entail more friction than it was worth. How, then, are we to secure a fair supply of wheat within our frontiers? The Russian and American alliance could starve us, as things now are, and that without a declaration of war. It is probable that the Government will eventually take "the line of least resistance," and instead of trying Protection try national wheat stores. As wheat well stored improves in the granary for a year after harvest, it is not certain that any loss would be entailed, and the safety assured would be precious.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES

The abundance of *Edusa* is a good sign this season, for this butterfly belongs to a northern family, and when it is plentiful we may argue that fine weather prevails to the north. In Iceland it is the chief type of butterfly. The catches this year in England include a large number of chlorous or yellowish-green varieties.—Lord Walsingham is making efforts to reintroduce the great bustard into England. The acclimatisation of new birds is very difficult, but the case is altered when it is that of a bird that once abounded but was extinguished through the want of sufficiently string nt game laws.—The "sportsman" who shot the storks which appeared in Hampshire recently is the type of person with whom the Americans deal more efficiently than we do. The great crested grebes in Richmond Park are doing well, together with a brace of young ones which they hatched out on August 2.

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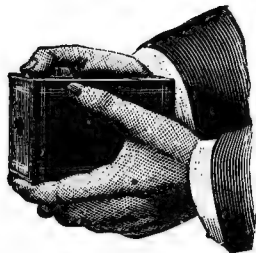
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NORWAY.—The words "official publication" on a volume are not, as a rule, considered alluring, but readers may be warned not to be discouraged on this account with the handsome work entitled "Norway," published by the Government of that country. Once past the title-page, upon which the ominous words are printed, our readers will find that they have seldom met with a volume that is so instructive and so eminently readable as this one. The editors, Dr. Stevn Konow, of the University of Christiania, and Mr. Karl Fischer, of the University Library, have been successful in securing the services of the most eminent specialists of the country in the various subjects. The articles, which are well written, and by no means overburdened with statistics, deal not only with the geology, anthropology, education and political and social conditions, but also with such subjects as hunting, fishing, bird and animal life, whilst the chapters on

painting, sculpture and, more particularly, literature are not to be surpassed in fine writing, erudition and critical ability. The illustrations, which are numerous and well reproduced, consist of photographs from nature, and of the finest works of Norwegian artists, both painters and sculptors.

SETTLEMENTS IN THE EAST.—An exceedingly useful book and one that arrives at an opportune moment is "European Settlements in the Far East" (Sampson Low). People talk very glibly of Spheres of Influence, Treaty Ports, and Open Doors with but a very faint notion of where the spheres, or the influences, either, for that matter, begin or end, and to what and where the "Open Door" leads. To such this volume will be of the greatest value. The compiler, who modestly signs himself "D. W. S.," gives a brief account of all the settlements and treaty ports in China, Japan, and Corea, and also those in the Straits Settlements, the Philippines, etc., with the geographical position of each, the number and nationality of its inhabitants, the value of its export and import trade, and many other valuable details.

Mr. Scarth Dixon's "In the North Country: Annals and Anecdotes of Horse, Hound, and Herd" (Richards), cannot fail to interest all racing and hunting men, particularly if they hail from or hunt over any part of Yorkshire. The volume may be divided into three parts. The first deals with the racing stables of Manton and Ashgill, the author giving the pedigrees and performances of the celebrated horses trained at these places. The second part is devoted to several Yorkshire packs of foxhounds, the Ribsdale and Sinnington, the Cleveland and Eskdale, and the York and Anisty. In these chapters, as in the former, the writer has a good deal to say as to the pedigrees of both hounds and horses, but he intersperses his remarks with amusing anecdotes of different riders, and gives rattling descriptions of historic runs. A very amusing account, in broad Yorkshire dialect, written by Jack Parker, a huntsman of the Sinnington pack, to "Mr. Heditor," is included in the volume. In conclusion, Mr. Dixon gives a good deal of information on the subject of Cleveland Bays, and also on "Some Yorkshire Shorthorns."

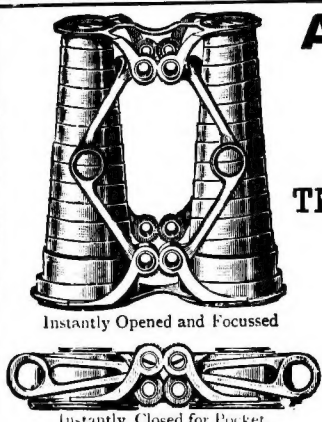


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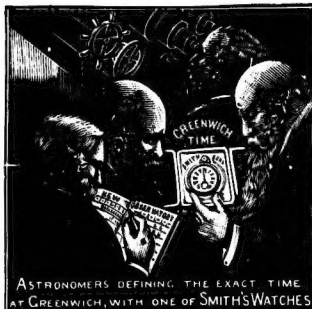
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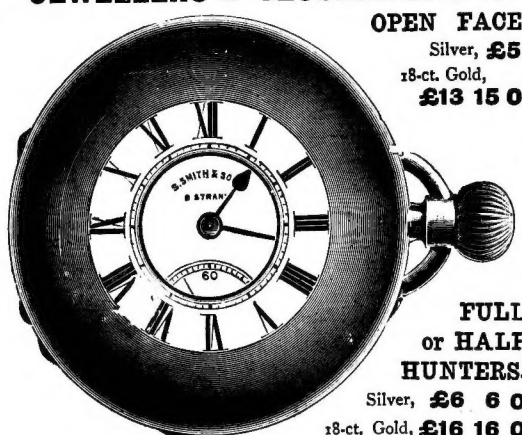


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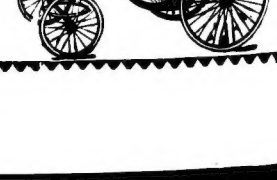
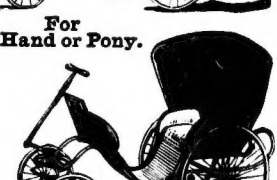
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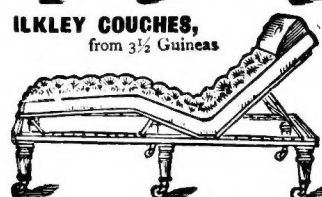
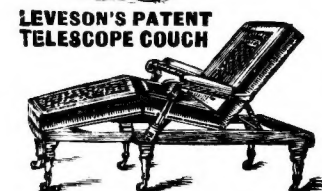


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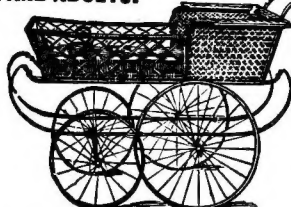


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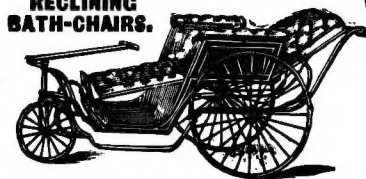
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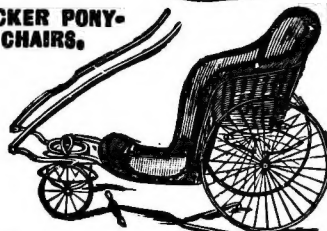
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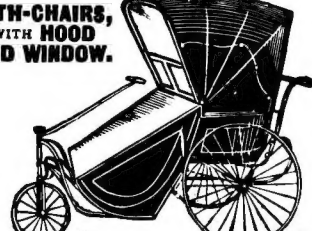
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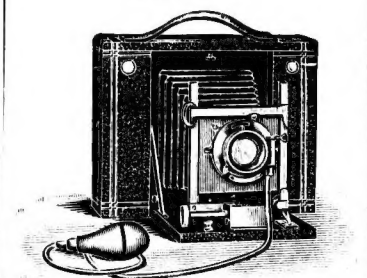


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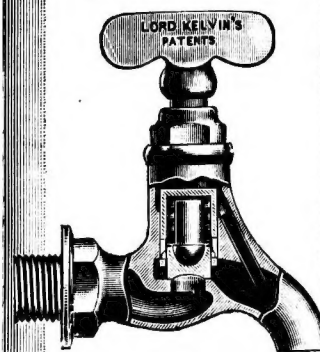
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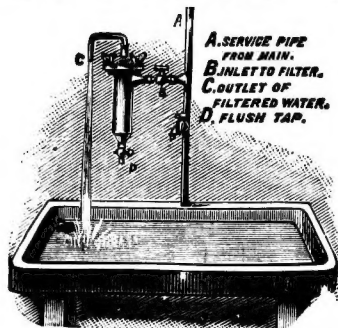
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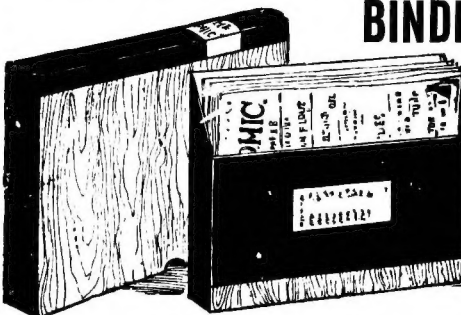
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